This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Это цифровая коиия книги, хранящейся для иотомков на библиотечных иолках, ирежде чем ее отсканировали сотрудники комиании Google в рамках ироекта, цель которого - сделать книги со всего мира достуиными через Интернет.

Прошло достаточно много времени для того, чтобы срок действия авторских ирав на эту книгу истек, и она иерешла в свободный достуи. Книга иереходит в свободный достуи, если на нее не были иоданы авторские ирава или срок действия авторских ирав истек. Переход книги в свободный достуи в разных странах осуществляется ио-разному. Книги, иерешедшие в свободный достуи, это наш ключ к ирошлому, к богатствам истории и культуры, а также к знаниям, которые часто трудно найти.

В этом файле сохранятся все иометки, иримечания и другие заииси, существующие в оригинальном издании, как наиоминание о том долгом иути, который книга ирошла от издателя до библиотеки и в конечном итоге до Вас.

Правила использовапия

Комиания Google гордится тем, что сотрудничает с библиотеками, чтобы иеревести книги, иерешедшие в свободный достуи, в цифровой формат и сделать их широкодостуиными. Книги, иерешедшие в свободный достуи, иринадлежат обществу, а мы лишь хранители этого достояния. Тем не менее, эти книги достаточно дорого стоят, иоэтому, чтобы и в дальнейшем иредоставлять этот ресурс, мы иредириняли некоторые действия, иредотвращающие коммерческое исиользование книг, в том числе установив технические ограничения на автоматические заиросы.

Мы также иросим Вас о следующем.

- Не исиользуйте файлы в коммерческих целях.
  Мы разработали ирограмму Поиск книг Google для всех иользователей, иоэтому исиользуйте эти файлы только в личных, некоммерческих целях.

- Не отиравляйте автоматические заиросы.
  Не отиравляйте в систему Google автоматические заиросы любого вида. Если Вы занимаетесь изучением систем машинного иеревода, оитического расиознавания символов или других областей, где достуи к большому количеству текста может оказаться иолезным, свяжитесь с нами. Для этих целей мы рекомендуем исиользовать материалы, иерешедшие в свободный достуи.

- Не удаляйте атрибуты Google.
  В каждом файле есть "водяной знак" Google. Он иозволяет иользователям узнать об этом ироекте и иомогает им найти доиолнительные материалы ири иомощи ирограммы Поиск книг Google. Не удаляйте его.

- Делайте это законно.
  Независимо от того, что Вы исиользуйте, не забудьте ироверить законность своих действий, за которые Вы несете иолную ответственность. Не думайте, что если книга иерешла в свободный достуи в США, то ее на этом основании могут исиользовать читатели из других стран. Условия для иерехода книги в свободный достуи в разных странах различны, иоэтому нет единых иравил, иозволяющих оиределить, можно ли в оиределенном случае исиользовать оиределенную книгу. Не думайте, что если книга иоявилась в Поиске книг Google, то ее можно исиользовать как угодно и где угодно. Наказание за нарушение авторских ирав может быть очень серьезным.

О программе Поиск кпиг Google

Миссия Google состоит в том, чтобы организовать мировую информацию и сделать ее всесторонне достуиной и иолезной. Программа Поиск книг Google иомогает иользователям найти книги со всего мира, а авторам и издателям - новых читателей. Полнотекстовый иоиск ио этой книге можно выиолнить на странице `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07481139 3

1. [illegible] [illegible]

2. Names, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

186

DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

VOL. I.

DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

"Wise, valiant, good,
With every praise, with every laurel crown'd,
The warriour's wonder and the virgin's sigh."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD J. COALE.

Benjamin Edes, printer.

.....

1818.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
4678B

ADVERTISEMENT.

This ROMANCE relates to a very interesting period in the history of Russia.—Nothing connected with the history of that country can be wholly uninteresting at this time. Whether our hero was "the true or false Demetrius," is unimportant. The author has put together his incidents in a style and manner so exceedingly fascinating—inculcates a lesson so useful—exhibiting with such energy the folly of ambition, and the instability of all worldly prosperity—the importance of an early control of the passions, and that with many distinguished virtues, he who has not brought under subjection his own feelings, is unfit to govern—thus the author's moral is enforced. Those who have been delighted with the pages of Miss Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw, will probably be not less interested with the work now offered to the reader.

DEMETRIUS.

CHAP. I.

"Just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices and sickly joys."

"O! rather, rather
Had I ne'er seen the vital light of heav'n
Than like the vulgar live, and like them die."

Thompson's Sophonisba.

For those who have been nursed in the lap of affection, to whom the voice of kindred love is familiar as the whispers of the summer breeze, to whom the caresses of a parent seem but as the inheritance of nature, it is not easy to conceive the dreary state of one, who, snatched in the period of infancy from the bosom of domestic peace, is doomed to pass through life a stranger to every tender tie, to all the hopes, the fears, the pleasures, and the

pains, which alternately soothe, sadden and exalt the soul of man in his state of social existence, who is doomed to weep unpitied, to rejoice unnoticed, to sink into the grave unknown and unlamented. Yet such was the fate, such promised to be the career of one, whose heart was formed by nature to thrill with love, or melt with pity, to throb with the aspirations of hope, or kindle with the ardour of ambition.

Alexis Oslokof, from the age of infancy to the dawn of manhood, had been an inhabitant of the monastery of St. Michael in Lithuania. The only event which time hadnot erased from his remembrance, previous to the period of his seclusion, was that of having been clasped to the breast of a weeping female, who frequently and tenderly caressed before she consigned him to the arms of the man by whom he had been conveyed to his present abode.

Often when the warm feelings of his youthful heart had been chilled by the indifference or wounded by the unkindness

of the stern monks by whom he was surrounded. would he retire into the sanctuary of his own breast, and recall to his remembrance the magic sweetness of the female's voice, the soft pressure of her lips upon his infant cheek, the tears which fell unheeded from her eyes, as she bade him again and again a sad and fond farewell. It was soothing to his feelings to reflect, that though *now* regarded only by the eye, or greeted by the voice of apathy, he had not always been this outcast from affection; he had once been an object of tenderness; he had once received and returned the kiss of kindred love: might not such bliss again be his? At that idea the tear of grief was succeeded by the smile of hope, hope transient ,and delusive. Month followed month, year rolled after year, till the shade of his memory became but the vision of his fancy. The image he still delighted to dwell on was now ideal, but the feelings which accompanied its conception were real; and this treasure of visionary bliss, this mingled phantom of memory and imagination, was cherish-

ed as the solace of his sorrow, or the goal of his hopes. Yet, as the slender form and gentle voice of the child were gradually exchanged for the loftier stature and deeper tones of the youth; other feelings less profound perhaps, but more tumultuous, arose within his breast. The earliest impulse of the youthful heart is to indulge the affections in woman—destined only to the endearing intercourse of private life—another motive, or a stronger influence, rarely counteracts this first and sweetest impulse; but in man—born to move within a more extended sphere—to brave the conflict of contending passions, "the shock of battle and the storms of fate"—other springs of action are excited; external impressions vibrate on the kindred chord within his breast; the patriot's worth, the hero's deeds, the lofty and the vast of human life, inflame his soul and fascinate his senses, till the soft throb of tenderness is only felt at intervals, amidst the proud swell of glory and ambition. Thus proved it with the youthful Oslokof. The superiour of his convent was a Pole of distinc-

tion, who, having been frustrated in his ambitious views, neglected by his monarch, and deserted by his friends, had, on the sudden impulse of indignation, precipitated himself into the convent, rather with a view of escaping disgust, than a hope of obtaining happiness. Rest of body, however, is far from including repose of mind; the turbulent and active spirit remained unsubdued, while the sphere in which its energies were employed, was contracted within the narrow compass of a cloistered life. He endeavoured to procure the consolations of religion; but religion extends not its pure and sacred influence to those, who seek it not with a humble heart and contrite spirit. The daily ceremonies, the nightly vigils, became irksome or insipid; happiness dwelt not in his breast, and its earthly substitute, hope, refused to inhabit the gloom of perpetual imprisonment. It was at this period, when every joy was dead within him, when the torpor of despair seemed to have benumbed every faculty of his soul, that his attention was first at-

tracted by the kindling glance and beaming smile of the young Oslokof. The superiour, to whom the fixed looks, the monotonous tones, the unvarying manners of the monks were inexpressibly repelling, felt a relief, almost amounting to a pleasure, in conversing with the animated Oslokof, whose natural enthusiasm of character even the eternal sameness of a cloistered life had not been sufficient to eradicate or tame. There is a mournful species of gratification in beholding or exciting pleasure in others, even when we have long ceased to be capable of feeling it ourselves; and the prior to whom many combined motives rendered Oslokof an object of interest, determined on taking him under his immediate protection, and becoming his instructor in all those branches of literature, which his own princely education had so eminently enabled him to acquire. All the hours of monastic leisure were soon devoted to the instruction of his ardent and indefatigable pupil; in this employment the superiour found some relief from the tedium of his former

existence; but who can paint the new sense of enjoyment it awakened in Oslokof? Hitherto confined to the conversation of a few ignorant monks, or the perusal of a few superstitious legends, the light which now broke through the mental gloom by which he had been surrounded, resembled indeed the sun of heaven, bursting in all its glories on the eye of corporeal blindness, and displaying at one view, all the wonders of creation. But Oslokof from speculation, soon aspired to action, from theory to practice. He read of the world, its pageants, its warfares, its grandeur, and its gaiety, till he sighed to become an actor amidst its splendid scenes: he read of martial prowess, the monarch's high career, the hero's far-famed deeds, till he panted to realize the bright visions his fertile imagination delighted to depict. In vain would the prior endeavour to repress these ardent feelings, which burst uncontrolled from his lips, by attempting to instil into his mind that distrust of his fellow creatures, which he himself experienced. In vain would he paint their

treachery, their malevolence; the ingratitude with which they repaid benefits, the envy with which they regarded merit. "Oh, my father!" Oslokof would reply, "some there may be who feel, who act thus unworthily, but that all do thus, my own sensations of themselves disprove. Can I be formed differently from all my race, and does not my heart deny the truth of the imputations you attach to human nature?"

The superiour was far from aware of the force or nature of that mind he had attempted to direct; he saw not in the grandeur of its conceptions, in the ardour of its feelings, the ebullitions of a spirit, which defied control, of a genius calculated to give laws to nations, and panting to fulfil the grandeur of its destiny. The prior, though fearless in speculation, was in deed timid and irresolute; that decisive quality of the mind which adds action to opinion, and practice to theory, was wanting; but the soul of Oslokof was formed on a far bolder scale; whatever he con-

demned, he dared to reprove; whatever he willed, to do; whatever he planned, to execute; he possessed the gravity which determines action, as well as the impetus which excites it. If there be any suffering which more than another claims compassion, but receives it least, it is that mental misery occasioned by the consciousness of possessing powers, which not meeting with proportionate external excitements to action, oppress, instead of invigorating, the mind, and render it the prey of wretchedness, apparently, of its own creation. Beings thus organized, uninterested in the passing trifles of the hour, move gloomily through life; alternately the victims of apathy or irritation; regarded as visionaries or misanthropists, beheld with wonder and dislike—that species of dislike which the pride of human nature always induces it to feel towards whatever it cannot comprehend. But present before them objects of pursuit, adequate to their desires—awaken their bosom hopes—rouse the master-spring of their passions—touched with the

spear of Ithuriel, their giant forms spring from the earth, new life is poured through their frames, new energies displayed in their actions; while the world beholds and confesses, with surprise, a metamorphosis which defies its comprehension.

Oslokof, the victim of his own desires, consumed by the ardour of his own feelings, became the prey of a melancholy, he sought neither to conceal or to control. Religion, which of itself is sufficient to fill the heart of man, to satisfy those mental wants which created beings can alone feel supplied in an intercourse with their Creator; religion was to Oslokof but a name, implying a dull round of useless ceremonies, of painful penances, of tedious and unmeaning vigils. The spirit of devotion had never been awakened within him; the dreariness of his life prevented all emotions of gratitude, its monotony presented no excitement to prayer, its blamelessness offered no occasion for repentance. Perceiving as much importance attached by the superstitious monks

to the most frivolous ceremonies, as to the most important doctrines, and, not enabled by the feeble light allowed him to separate the one from the other, he insensibly learnt to consider both as the offspring of human invention. The ignorance and bigotry of the monks strengthened this belief, while the oblique suggestions of the superiour, addressed to the sense, though scrupulously concealed from the ear, confirmed it. Excluded, therefore, from what alone could have reconciled such a mind to the confinement of a cloister, his restless and repining spirit induced him to form the determination of finally abandoning it. Solitude unhinges or depresses the minds of the generality of men. Strengthened in enterprize, and fortified in opinion by participation, they become feeble and irresolute, if left to struggle singly with the stream; but solitude is to minds of stronger texture the nurse of enthusiasm, the birth place of every grand exploit. The oak throws out more vigorous shoots, and rises to a loftier height upon the desart plain; while

the more delicate plant requires the shade and shelter of others to foster and protect it. It was in solitary meditation that the soul of Oslokof acquired its ardour; it was in solitary meditation that he conceived and arranged the final plan of his escape. One feeling alone induced him to linger with a sentiment of regret. The apprehended sorrow of his friend and his preceptor at his desertion—a desertion to him so cruel and unexpected; yet to abandon his design, he felt to be impossible; might he not then venture to communicate it to the superiour? might he not venture to rely on his regarding it with indulgence, perhaps, on his beholding it with approbation? The possibility of obtaining the prior's sanction determined him on candidly revealing his wishes and his intentions to him, and for this purpose he repaired to his cell. Oslokof found the prior alone, his head supported by his hand, his eye resting on some papers which lay on the stone table before him; while the light of a lamp which fell on his countenance, shewed the deep furrows of his

brow. He raised his eye towards Oslokof as he entered, and pointed to a bench which he desired him to occupy. Oslokof obeyed; when the prior slowly and sadly addressed him. "It is with sorrow, though not with surprise, that I have beheld the impatience with which you have of late submitted to the confinement of the cloister. Liberty now appears to your enthusiastic fancy the first of earthly blessings; my knowledge of your character has assured me, that you will never ardently desire that which you will not soon seek to obtain; and my observation of your conduct has convinced me, that it is your intention, finally to abandon your present abode."

Oslokof started; the crimson of surprise and shame coloured his cheek; he was preparing to make the intended confession of all his hopes, his wishes and his aims, when the superiour, waving his hand, as if to request his silent attention, proceeded:—

"Before you execute the resolution you have adopted, I wish to claim your attention to a narrative, which will in all probability influence both your present plans, and future conduct."

"Ivan Vassiliovitch the second, Czar of Muscovy, left, at his decease, two sons, Feodor, who succeeded to his throne, and Demetrius, an infant. Feodor espoused Irene, sister to Boris Godonof, grand master of the horse. Boris soon acquired an unlimited ascendency over the mind of Feodor; not satisfied, however, with the secondary honours he was thus enabled to enjoy, he aspired to the first rank in the empire, and determined to destroy his sovereign and his friend; for this purpose he administered a slow poison to him, which, operating on an already feeble constitution, easily effected his destruction."

Oslokof uttured an exclamation of horror; but the prior, disregarding it, calmly continued: "Boris was immediately and unanimously elected Regent of the em-

pire, until Demetrius, who then resided with his mother, Czarina Maria Fedorofna, at Uglitz, should he be of an age to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Here then was another obstacle to the ambition of Boris, an obstacle which he soon determined to remove by causing Demetrius to be assassinated. The Czarina however received, through the medium of a faithful friend, an intimation of his design, and removing Demetrius from Uglitz on the night that the assassins intended to perpetrate the murder, she placed in her son's chamber the body of a dead infant; this being mistaken by them for that of the Prince, was pierced with wounds, and so disfigured, as to be rendered incapable of recognition. This body, on the succeeding morning, being discovered weltering in its blood, the indignation of the inhabitants of Uglitz was so powerful, as to induce them to destroy the assassins, whom they found concealed in the suburbs of the city. The account of this catastrophe being transmitted to Moscow, Boris, after circulating a

report that Demetrius, in a fit of phrenzy, had put a period to his own life, dispatched his friend Prince Vassili Shniski to inquire into the circumstances of his death. Having examined the body, he declared it to be that of the true Demetrius, and confirmed the report which Boris had previously propagated. The Czarina accused of inattention to her son's safety, was compelled to retire into a convent; many inhabitants of Uglitz, who had dared to express their real sentiments concerning the murder, were capitally punished. Boris conducted the whole transaction with so much art and secrecy, that scarcely any suspicions were entertained against him; and he was soon afterwards elevated to the throne of Russia, which he still continues to occupy." Another exclamation burst from the lips of Oslokof; but it was equally disregarded with the former, and the prior continued: "The Czarina, on being compelled to retire to the convent, found it impossible to retain Demetrius near her person; alarmed for his future safety, she determined to

place him out of the power of his enemy, by sending him into Lithuania; and accordingly consigned him to the charge of that friend who had before preserved him from destruction. By him the young Demetrius was delivered to the superiour of this convent, to whom his imperial lineage, and real title were disclosed; but to the monks he was made known as an orphan of humble extraction, and presented to them under the name of Alexis Oslokof."

The calmness with which this narrative was made, offered a contrast no less remarkable with the importance of the events it recorded, than that presented between the manner and countenance of the prior and his interested auditor. The former still maintained the gravity of his expression and attitude; while the latter with clasped hands, glowing cheeks, eyes in which a thousand varying emotions were depicted, for some moments remained immoveable from surprise, silent from excess of emotion. At length he ap-

proached the superiour, and exclaimed in a voice, which, ardent, yet tremulous, expressed at once the strength and tenderness of his feelings: "I, then, O my father! I, then, am this Demetrius, destined to avenge the murder of a brother, to snatch a parent from imprisonment, to rescue a country from slavery! Oh! wherefore has my noble lineage, my glorious destiny, remained so long unknown, unimagined? The proudest of my hopes are gratified, the brightest of my day-dreams realized; but say, does my mother live, *that* mother, who sacrificed her freedom for my life; *that* mother whose parting caress is yet warm in my remembrance?" "She lives," replied the prior, "but oh, my son! suppress this enthusiasm, which eternally misleads your judgment, and dazzles your imagination. The circumstances, which I have narrated to you, were communicated to me by the late prior, soon after my entrance into the convent; they rendered me observant of your character; I discovered in it that genius, which might enable you to

recover the throne of your ancestors; but not that prudence, which would be necessary for its preservation. Your manner, your feelings, your inclinations. are at complete variance with those of the people you would govern. They are the very slaves of existing prejudices; you, even in their sanctuary, display a daring contempt for them; the Russians, cold, grave, taciturn, deliberate in every resolution, slow in every action, would regard the enthusiasm of your language, the rapidity of your conduct, with that species of alarm and astonishment, with which we behold the eccentric movements of a comet."—"Surely, surely," interrupted Demetrius, impatiently, "these should be after considerations. Oh! but once behold me," and his eye kindled with the exultation of hope, "but once behold me, seated on the throne of Russia, and fear not that any imprudence of mine shall ever precipitate me from it." The prior sighed, and sorrowfully regarded Demetrius, as he replied, "Let us then forego these after considerations, to ex-

amine the dangers and the difficulties which offer themselves to your immediate prospects. Twelve years have nearly elapsed since the Russians heard and believed the story of your death. Accustomed to the government of Boris, they will not easily be induced to change it in favour of one, whose pretensions will by many be regarded as fictitious; it will be difficult to prove them otherwise. Count Galitzin, (that faithful friend, by whom you were conveyed to this convent,) in order to elude the suspicions of Boris which attached to him in consequence of the compassion he discovered for the imprisoned Czarina, was compelled to abandon his country, and to enter into the service of Sweden during the first period of your residence in this convent. Occasional remittances were received by the count, and anxious enquiries made by him respecting your health and welfare; these have of late entirely ceased, and this continued silence induces me to apprehend that this testimony of your imperial rank is no longer in existence. The Czarina,

on beholding this diamond cross, which she fastened round your neck, and this letter which she addressed to the prior at the period of your separation, added to your resemblance to the Czar Ivan, would no doubt recognise you as her son; but what would her acknowledgment effect, situated as she is, completely in the tyrant's power, but to expose her to his still more fatal resentment? One course alone presents itself, which seems to promise the slightest probability of success to an attempt at the recovery of your native rights. The Poles, injured in their dearest interests by Boris, would eagerly embrace any opportunity of effecting his destruction. The present possessor of my lands and title," and a sigh sscaped him at the recollections these words recalled, "though still in the period of youth, has already distinguished himself both in the council and the field, and stands high in the estimation of his king and country, though personally unknown to each other; occasional intercourse still subsists between us, and I am well convinced, that

in compliance with the wishes of his kinsman, should you finally resolve on asserting your claims to the throne of Russia, the arm of Augustus, Count Wiesnovitski will be raised, and his council afforded, to assist your views."

"If I resolve on asserting my claims! Oh, my father! you but mock the ardour of my hopes, the firmness of my resolution! But say, why has this communication been so long, so cruelly delayed?" "It was delayed," replied the prior, "because *I* was anxious to preserve a life *you* are determined to hazard."

"Why then was it now made?" demanded Demetrius, with a half smile.

"It was made from the discovery that this life possessed no attractions for you, and that, without personal experience of the depravity of the world, you would never remain content at a distance from it."

"Then the principal consequence you anticipate from my abandonment of this

cloister is a desire to return to it," replied Demetrius with gaiety. The prior answered him with his accustomed gravity, and Demetrius, anxious to retire from his presence, and freely to indulge the various feelings which crowded on his mind, received the letter now given him by the prior, and, retiring to his cell, eagerly began to peruse it. It was addressed from the Czarina to the late prior, and contained a short, but affecting account of the motives which had induced her to consign her son to his care. She earnestly implored him to secure that son from the machinations of Boris, and forever consign him to obscurity, rather than incur the chance of his perishing by this enemy of their devoted house. The tender solicitude, the devoted affection, which breathed throughout this letter, deeply affected the heart of Demetrius, and recalled the early impression of maternal love, which had never been entirely effaced from his memory; and to embrace this beloved mother, to restore her to that station she had formerly occupied, be-

came now the dearest objects of his hopes; and again and again was the letter perused and pressed alternately to his heart and to his lips. To the tumult of emotion succeeded the calmness of deliberation. While he exulted in the prospect of that glorious destiny opened to his view, and in the consciousness of possessing powers adequate to its fulfilment, inexperienced in the ways of man, he yet felt the necessity of some guide to assist him through the perilous path he was about to tread. The proposal of the prior then recurring to him, Demetrius determined to adopt it, and, on his departure from the convent, seek the immediate advice and protection of Count Wiesnovitski.

CHAP. II.

"E'n now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne."

Beattie's Minstrel.

In every subsequent conversation which Demetrius held with the prior, the latter seemed to regard him in the light of a sacrifice, to consider him as the victim of vain illusions and impetuous desires; although he confessed, that *he* might once have indulged in hopes as sanguine, and aims as romantic as those which now inhabited the breast of Demetrius, yet he persisted in foretelling their final disappointment. This constant opposition of feeling and opinion became inexpressibly painful to Demetrius, who longed more ardently than before to forsake the convent. The prior, apprehensive that if he openly sanctioned the departure of Demetrius, he should excite the curiosity,

or incur the suspicion of the monks, advised him secretly to abandon the convent, and to procure a guide to Cracow, the present residence of Count Wiesnovitski, at the village of Chudow. He consigned to his care the diamond cross, together with some jewels of considerable value, which had been delivered by Count Galitzin to the former prior.

The expressions of gratitude and affection which the feeling heart of Demetrius urged him to address to the superiour, were repressed by the cold, grave manner which he still preserved towards him; and Demetrius secretly hoping that the address of Count Wiesnovitski would be more conciliating, in a voice of stifled sensibility, bade him farewell. Situations, however uninteresting, habits, however unendearing, if familiarized by long endurance, cannot be finally abandoned, without creating a singular and almost undefinable emotion, which does not amount to regret, but which sufficiently resembles it to check the ardour of hope, and damp

the exultation of confidence. Demetrius experienced this, even at the arrival of a moment, so long, so ardently desired. The sound of the door, as it closed after him on the superiour's cell, the echo of his footsteps through the vaulted passages, the voices of the monks chaunting their nightly hymns; all those sounds, which repetition had formerly rendered unheeded, now fell on his ear, and fastened on his remembrance, as they were listened to for the last time. But far other sensations were awakened in his bosom, as he unclosed the private portal which led from the superiour's apartments, and breathed the air of freedom, and found himself a denizen of nature. The air was still and balmy; the sky was bright and cloudless; the heavens glittered with stars; the earth sparkled with dew. The immense plain, on which the monastery was situated, was bounded only by lofty mountains, whose dark and rugged summits strongly contrasted the serene and smiling aspect of the sky; but this sky, all beautiful as it was, inspired emotions of sublimity; the

vastness of its extent, the immensity of its height; the awful stillness with which so many orbs performed their revolutions; the radiance of the milky way; the wonders of the aurora borealis; all breathed of immortality; all declared the being of a God. The belief was irresistible; the conviction was instantaneous; it burst upon the reason, it penetrated the heart of Demetrius; he bent his knee, and bowed his head with reverential awe; and he, who in the cloister's gloom had denied his assent to the propagated dogmas, owed his first feeling of devotion to the unrestrained survey of the wonders of creation. Demetrius slowly proceeded; emotions, at once profound and enthusiastic, glowed in his heart; his mind seemed to partake of his body's freedom, and he roved in imagination through the bounds of space and time, to pause at the awful era of eternity. The first dawn of morning light appeared, as he was ascending the mountain he had on the preceding night viewed in the distance. From its summit he beheld the fertile vale of Chu-

dow; the villages glittering in the rays of the sun; the wood, now clothed in its freshest verdure; the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; the various sounds which stole through the air, inspired emotions of gladness, and with quick, elastic step, Demetrius descended the mountain, and approached the village of Chudow. He entered one of its hamlets, and enquired for a guide to accompany him to Lidda. His route had been previously traced out by the prior; few difficulties therefore remained for Demetrius to surmount. Yet, although habited in the dress of a Polish peasant, which had been adopted in order to elude observation, he found himself an object of wonder and curiosity. The peculiar animation of his countenance and gestures, the striking grandeur of his form, the splendour of his yet unsunned complexion, attracted the attention of the peasants. Finding it necessary to preserve a greater degree of caution, he seldom addressed his guide, as they proceeded towards Lidda; and merely remained in each town through which he

passed, a sufficient period to refresh and recruit himself, before he again proceeded on his journey. In this way he traversed great part of Lithuania and Poland; his active mind interested in whatever he beheld, although the expression of his feelings was concealed. It was towards the close of day, that he reached the eminence which commanded an immediate view of the city of Cracow. The Weisel, flowing at the base of the hill, reflected in its smooth and clear stream, the lofty spires, the stately edifices, the glittering palaces of the city. The plains, which stretched to a vast extent around its walls, were smiling in all the luxuriance of spring, and glowing beneath all the radiance of an unclouded sun. It was the hour of festivity and mirth; the trampling of horses resounded through the streets; the bells rung from the steeples; the hum of man ascended; all teemed with life, and light, and gaiety. The heart of Demetrius throbbed with hope and exultation, as he contemplated the varied scene. He was about to enter

on the stage of active life, to view the splendid haunts of man, to mix with that world his fancy had so often painted as an elysium of bliss. The glow of youth and health diffused through his frame that hilarity of spirit which is felt by some happily organized beings, even independently of external circumstances; but which rises into rapture, when these are in harmony with the feelings. As Demetrius was descending the road which conducted to the city, his progress was impeded by the approach of a numerous and splendid cavalcade; he remained stationary as it passed. The fine countenances and dignified airs of the nobles, the fiery movements and superb trappings of the horses, excited his admiration; but one object alone soon attracted and rivetted his regards; this was a young and lovely female, who mounted on a slight, but spirited steed, was conversing with a nobleman, who rode beside her. Her countenance beaming with intelligence, bespoke her soul as yet untouched by sorrow, unvisited by misfortune. The gai-

ety of youth shone in her smile; the brilliancy of health glowed on her cheek; the fire of hope and happiness sparkled in her eye. To Demetrius, who had never beheld the female face, but in the sunburnt features of the peasantry; or the female form, but under their rustic garb; the bright and beautiful figure, now presented to his view, seemed rather a vision of fancy, than a being of reality: "not touch'd but rapt," "not waken'd but inspir'd," he continued to gaze on her, while she remained within his view; and, when her robe no longer floated in his sight, and her sweet and lively accents no longer reached his ear, a sigh deep and uncontrollable burst from his lips. Demetrius, at length starting from a reverie into which he had fallen, proceeded towards the city; it was that city which the lovely object of his admiration had inhabited, and there perhaps she might again return; at this idea his heart beat high with transport, and involuntarily quickening his pace, he found himself in the suburbs, and from thence was directed to the palace of Wi-

esnovitski. It was situated in the most splendid square of the city; the grand hall was thronged with attendants, to one of whom Demetrius delivered the packet, (which the prior had addressed to Count Wiesnovitski) and was then conducted by him into an antichamber, where, throwing himself on a couch, he remained absorbed by various reflections. There are moments in our lives when our recollections are so confused, our feelings so tumultuous, our hopes so undefined, that we seem rather to dream than to think; this is peculiarly the case after having experienced any new and strong emotion; the whole train of our ideas is disordered; we no longer recognise our former views and motives to action; we start with amazement at the new feelings and desires which have arisen within us. Thus felt Demetrius as he awaited in the antichamber the entrance of Count Wiesnovitski; he wondered at the indifference with which he beheld the approach of that moment he had once so eagerly anticipated; he wondered at the pertinacity, with which he retraced

the remembrance of the beautiful stranger, with which he clung to the hope of once again beholding her; yet still this remembrance was so sweet, this hope so precious, that he continued to dwell on the one, or indulge the other, till the entrance of Count Wiesnovitski aroused him from his reverie. Demetrius arose. The Count approached and eagerly seizing his hand, exclaimed, "Unfortunate Prince! what a series of crimes and of miseries has the prior's narrative disclosed! Rightly indeed did he judge, that I should *espouse*, and as far as my power will permit, *assist* the cause of injured innocence."

The animation with which he spoke, rekindled at once the enthusiasm of Demetrius; with all the eloquence of strong and ardent feeling, he expressed his gratitude, he poured forth his hopes, he described his aims and his ambition. Count Wiesnovitski regarded him with evident admiration. The elegance of his language, the grace of his action, the intelligence of his countenance, surprised and

charmed him; while Demetrius felt no less attracted by the manner and person of his new associate. His countenance was not remarkable for regularity of feature, but his eyes, dark and piercing, seemed at one glance to read the souls of those with whom he conversed; while the smile of benevolence, which played around his mouth, assured them, that whatever foibles he might discover there, they would remain confined to his own heart, and by *that* heart be regarded with pity and forgiveness.

"A short period," said Count Wiesnovitski to Demetrius, as they separated, after an interview of some hours; "a short period must be given to deliberation; but assure yourself that this shall be succeeded by action."

Demetrius, throwing himself on the couch prepared for him, found the glow of ambition, the throb of love, and the ardour of hope, equally yield to the sense of unconquerable fatigue. He sunk into

a profound repose, which was first interrupted by the blaze of a meridian sun, shining through the crimson curtains of his apartment. He found, on preparing to equip himself, that Count Wiesnovitski had provided for him the garment of a Polish noble. Habited in this, he descended to the saloon, in which, on the preceding night, he had separated from him. Count Wiesnovitski, at the entrance of Demetrius, started in amazement at the metamorphosis he beheld. His luxuriant ringlets, which had before been concealed beneath the peasant's cap, now waved gracefully over his majestic brow. The symmetry and grandeur of his form, which had been obscured by the large coarse cloak, were now displayed to the utmost advantage by the embroidered vest and purple mantle. The fire of genius, the grace of gaiety, the dignity of manhood, and the brilliancy of youth, were happily combined in a countenance, whose ever varying expression betrayed each movement of a restless soul, which could neither repress or conceal its activi-

ties; *that* countenance was now serene and smiling, yet the grand outline of its features, the occasional glance of its kindling eye betrayed its capability of expressing all the strong and stormy passions of a lofty nature. The Count accosted him with mingled cordiality and respect. In the conversation which ensued, Demetrius expressed his anxiety to acquire all those personal accomplishments suited to the station he might hereafter occupy, and to make himself acquainted with the practice as well as the theory of war, before he sought to lead armies to the field.

"Your desire coincides with my opinion," replied Count Weisnovitski; "I am aware that however powerful may be the martial genius or inclination, a soldier should always pass through the subordinate degrees of military rank before he arrives at supreme command. In your situation it were greatly advantageous to acquire the respect of the Poles by your valour, before you attempt to awaken their interest by your story; they will

then embrace your cause with confidence as well as enthusiasm. The present juncture of affairs is particularly favourable to such a design. The Swedes, after having expelled our sovereign, Sigismund, from that throne which had descended to him from his ancestors, are now preparing to invade this kingdom. The spirit of military ardour which breathes throughout the land against the present enemy, though not immediately favourable to your views, will eventually prove so, as it will enable you to obtain a practical knowledge of martial discipline, while the warlike spirit once awakened in the kingdom, will, without difficulty, be impelled into a different direction. In the mean time, it is of infinite importance that your real rank be concealed, lest Boris obtain premature information of your having escaped his machinations, and secretly dispatch his emissaries into Poland, to obtain possession of your person." He paused, and Demetrius gratefully acceded to his suggestions. In the conversation which ensued, the Count

again found occasion to admire the grace and candour of the Prince's manner, and the mingled justness and penetration of his remarks; while Demetrius felt irresistibly attracted by the address of his present companion; who possessed the happy art of expressing even by a gesture or a glance, his sense of the merits or approbation of the talents of those with whom he conversed. This silent homage flatters our vanity, without alarming our modesty; we do not feel called upon to disclaim that admiration which is never openly expressed, and, appearing to flow from the heart, insinuates itself into our confidence, and diffuses a charm, rather felt than understood, over the society of those who bestow it.

Demetrius was introduced by Count Wiesnovitski to his friends under the title of Count Lucknow, a young noble of Lithuania. Although the king was absent from Cracow, the city was a theatre of revelry and splendour.

Plunged at once into a scene so new, so intoxicating, Demetrius at first adopted that belief common to every youthful mind, that in the delirium of the senses exists the secret of happiness. Experience soon corrected this transitory errour: the reign of pleasure over a strong mind is absolute, but short. His imagination was dazzled, but his judgment was offended; his senses were inflamed, but his heart was untouched. The strength of his reason, the energies of his mind, languished amidst the repetition of insipid pleasures; and that insensibility to enjoyment, that wearisomeness of life which had oppressed him in the stillness of the convent, returned even amidst the gaiety of the city. The hopes of once more encountering the lovely stranger had, for a while, induced him to persevere in visiting these scenes of dissipation, even after their attraction had ceased; but this hope gradually faded from his mind; and he determined to devote his time exclusively to the acquirement of that knowledge, or those arts, which after-circum-

stances might render requisite or beneficial. With an intention of communicating this determination to Count Wiesnovitski, Demetrius joined him in the saloon, and expressed his feelings and consequent resolution with his accustomed energy of manner and of language.

"This declaration does not surprise me," said Count Wiesnovitski, with a smile; "the indifference with which you listen to the voice of flattery, or behold the glance of love, even in the eyes of the beautiful Countess Siradia, has not passed unregarded; nor has it excited my surprise; you are destined to run a nobler race, and obtain a higher prize, than the career of pleasure has to present, or to bestow. The feelings you experience towards those who continue to pursue the beaten track, are perfectly natural; when we are unable to receive pleasure from objects ourselves, we are disposed to feel surprised at, and sometimes indignant with others, for being more easily satisfied."

"You have expressed my own sentiments," replied Demetrius; "nothing conveys so cheerless, so painful a feeling to the heart, as the view of mirth, with which we can neither participate or sympathize. It is pleasing to behold the sports of children, because they result from genuine enjoyment, from heartfelt innocence; but the gaiety of man too frequently appears rather premeditated than spontaneous; rather an appearance than a reality, rather an effort than an impulse."

"Beware," replied Count Wiesnovitski gaily, "how you express such sentiments within the precincts of a court.

"Pleasure here has not occasional incense merely presented at her altars, but her votive fires blaze incessantly, and her votaries are ever prepared to attack the recreant, who refuses to celebrate her orgies. You must not condemn me, if I confess, that this evening I shall be present at her worship; nor refuse my request,

that *you* will also assist in offering her sacrifice. "Nay," continued he, more seriously, "I should not be thus importunate without a motive. You have frequently expressed your surprise at the indifference with which I regard the beauties of the court; to-night, at the palace of Siradia, you will behold one, whose beauty surpasses them all; to-night you will behold the Princess Marina of Sendomir."

The joy which illumined the countenance of Count Wiesnovitski, was far from creating a corresponding emotion in the breast of Demetrius. "Augustus, fortunate Augustus," he thought; "how different are our feelings and our fates!" Though strongly tempted to communicate to his friend the transient view he had obtained of her who had made so lasting an impression on his heart, yet he felt restrained by a feeling of embarrassment, which he found it painful to overcome. He consented to accompany the Count to the Siradia palace. The magnificent apartment into which they were ushered

on their entrance, was supported by columns entwined with garlands; the walls, on every side, were concealed by immense mirrors, which reflected the gay and ever moving throng. Demetrius immediately perceived the Countess Siradia, whose natural beauty was heightened by every advantage which art could bestow; her splendid robe, glittering with jewels, was admirably calculated to display the perfect symmetry of her form, which rose to a majestic height, and received additional grandeur from a diamond tiara. Surrounded by the most accomplished nobles of the court, she was receiving that admiration she so highly prized, and ardently desired; but the charms of the Countess formed not their only attraction; near the dazzling, the commanding Henrietta, moved a soft and lovely being, whose retiring, yet expressive glances, seemed rather to avoid than seek admiration. Her bright, luxuriant tresses were shaded by a white transparent veil, which, after concealing part of her neck and shoulders, fell in graceful foldings over the bright

azure of her drapery, whose etherial hue gave additional brilliancy to her complexion; the pearls, which ornamented her dress and flowing ringlets, increased the elegance, without destroying the simplicity of her costume. A single glance at this beautiful figure convinced Demetrius it was the same he had beheld, on his first entrance into Cracow. He eagerly, yet falteringly, inquired her title of Count Wiesnovitski. "The Princess of Sendomir," was the triumphant reply. The heart of Demetrius sunk within him at the sound. "Let me present you to her," continued the Count; and he led Demetrius towards the princess. She received them with infinite sweetness; and the Count, more animated, more fascinating, than Demetrius had ever yet beheld him, immediately entered into conversation with her; while he, the hue of his cheek faded, the fire of his eye fled, remained silent beside them. The sweet and penetrating tones of the Princess's voice, the chastened gaiety of her manner, the mingled sense and spirit of her remarks, con-

veyed an undefinable sensation of softness and anguish to the breast of Demetrius. Love, in its commencement, even if it exist without hope, is soothed, rather than irritated, by the presence of the beloved object; it derives a melancholy gratification from gazing on her form, from listening to her voice, from dwelling on her perfections; but this gratification is fatal as it is fascinating; all its sweetness is gradually drained from the intoxicating draught, and bitterness alone remains, while those perfections, which were formerly remembered with a mingled emotion of triumph and sorrow, are recalled only with sensations of suffering and of impatience. Demetrius, unacquainted with the frightful progress of the human passions, though touched with melancholy and regret, felt irresistibly impelled to retain his station near the Princess.

Struck with surprise at the change in his manner and appearance, the Countess Siradia approached and rallied him on his air of gloom and abstraction. He at-

tempted to reply with his accustomed vivacity, but, finding the effort too painful to support, requested her to honour him by a renewal of her instructions in the game of macao. She smilingly complied, and led the way into another apartment. The eyes of Marina followed him as he retired. "Your friend," said she, addressing the Count, "is not less remarkable for the dignity of his mien, than the singularity of his manner."

"My friend is one on whom you must not too hastily decide," replied the Count. "To-night, I confess, he has deemed it proper to personate the god of silence; and had not his eye borne testimony to the gratification his lips refused to express, I should regret his having complied with my request of accompanying me to this scene of festivity. But," resumed he, after a moment's pause, "I am anxious that you should not, even for a moment, retain an unfavourable impression of him. He is one whom to know is to love. He possesses a genius, which

untamed by an early intercourse with the world, displays itself in the fearless originality of his opinions, in the peculiar felicity of his expressions, in the striking grandeur of his views and his conceptions; he possesses a heart, strongly susceptible of every impression, candid, generous, noble, enthusiastic in its attachments, violent, but not lasting in its resentments. Yet thus adorned with every personal and mental grace, to know him as *I* know him, and not to tremble for his future fate, is impossible; his impatience of the necessary restraints of society, his too unguardedly expressed contempt of its follies and its prejudices, induce me to apprehend that if ever—" The Count abruptly paused, alarmed at having so nearly incurred the danger of betraying his friend's secret.

The Princess, who had listened with apparent interest to his eulogium, now appeared disappointed at its abrupt termination, but thoughtfully replied, "Whatever be the future danger he may have to

encounter, at present he is fortunate in the possession of such a friend as Count Wiesnovitski." The Count made his acknowledgments for this compliment; and then obeying a summons to join the dance, for this purpose conducted the Princess into another apartment. At the conclusion of the Saraband, the Count led Marina towards a seat, near which Demetrius was stationed; at the same moment Count Koffar approached, and, addressing the Count, drew him aside, and diverted his attention from the Princess. Demetrius still remained silent, although his eyes with even an increased expression of admiration, were fixed on her countenance. The Princess felt embarrassed, and, anxious to interrupt the silence they had hitherto preserved, said in a timid voice, "My Lord, I have been attending to your eulogium from Count Wiesnovitski, till I felt almost inclined to envy you the possession of such a friend." Demetrius, when she began to address him, had advanced towards her with an

air of animation; but at the conclusion of her speech his expression varied.

"I am not insensible," he replied in a voice of restraint, "to the value of Count Wiesnovitski's friendship; but surely you Lady, can have no reason to envy me the possession of that which you are so eminently calculated to feel and to inspire." The Princess, not aware that these words alluded particularly to the friendship of the Count, but deeming the observation a general one, replied, "Friendship is a treasure of so high a value, and requires qualifications of so rare a nature, that I should esteem it almost presumptuous to flatter myself into the belief of possessing them. A good understanding is no less requisite than a good heart; an understanding which enables us to discern the character of a friend in all its bearings, and a heart which teaches us to cherish the remembrance of its virtues, and forgive or forget its imperfections."

"However I may fail in every other respect," said the gay Count Kossar, who

now joined them, "if to dwell on your virtues alone be one proof of friendship, I may claim the honour of feeling it; perhaps, however, I deserve the less applause on this account, since your imperfections I never discovered." The eyes of Demetrius expressed a mixture of contempt and indignation at this address, and the familiarity with which it was conveyed; the Princess, however, without replying to it, attended to Count Wiesnoviski, who had heard her observation, and now said, "I agree with Your Highness that it is impossible to depend upon the stability of friendship in weak minds; they see characters too much by glimpses, unable to discover defects by their penetration, till their consequences are learnt from their experience; they are suddenly attracted by some pleasing, and as suddenly repelled by some unamiable quality."

"Yes," said Demetrius, "imperfect ourselves, we yet expect perfection in others, not aware that certain qualities are as liable to the attendants of certain defects,

as the ocean is subject to tempests, or the wind to instability."

"Your wish, "said the Count, with a smile, "to consider forbearance as amongst the first duties of friendship, would teach me to apprehend, if not previously acquainted with your character, that you expected to require its exertion in your favour."

"Your suspicion would but be too just," replied Demetrius, "and I never more painfully experienced its truth than at this moment."

Marina, astonished at the effect the Count's playful remark had produced on Demetrius, endeavoured to divert it by saying, "Is there not some danger that we may extend this indulgence to the errour of our friends, to errour in general?"

"By no means, I should imagine," replied Demetrius; "friends are not to be loved *for*, but *notwithstanding* their faults."

"May I inquire the subject of this grave dissertation," demanded the Countess Siradia, who now approached them.

"The faults of friends, Madam," replied Count Rossar.

"The faults of friends!" repeated she, with an air of surprise; "I must confess I should have deemed their virtues a more agreeable theme; for myself, I own that I find it as difficult to discover faults in my friends, as virtues in my enemies. We must at present, however, postpone our enquiries into the merits of this subject, and attend the summons to the banquet."

She requested Count Wiesnovitski to conduct the Princess thither; and for herself demanded the attendance of Demetrius, who reluctantly obeyed; but though placed beside the fascinating Countess, his eyes were rivetted on the bright and beautiful countenance of the Princess of Sendomir. She was seated between the Counts Wiesnovitski and Kossar; and al-

though Demetrius heard not the words she addressed to them, he remarked the air of interest with which she listened to the former, and the arch, yet suppressed smile, which played on her lips as she replied to the latter. Unaccustomed to conceal his feelings, he continued to gaze on her, till the Countess, surprised at his silence, pursued the direction of his eye, and perceived from whence it arose. "The beauty of the Princess of Sendomir," said she, "is so resplendent, that the inferiour orbs, who move within her sphere, are in danger of being obscured and forgotten."

The air of pique which accompanied these words recalled Demetrius to self possession, and during the remainder of the evening, his attention was devoted to the Countess. The animation of his countenance, the gaiety of his conversation, were artificial; but Marina remarked the variations in his manner with surprise, and, by exciting curiosity and conjecture, they awakened attention and interest.

CHAP. III.

"Her charms, her mind, her virtues he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration changed
To love, nor loved he sooner, than despair'd:
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort; but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

Glover's Leonidas.

MARINA, Princess of Sendomir, was the only descendant of one of the most powerful nobles of Poland, the Palatine of Sendomir. The early part of her life had been spent in the retirement of her father's castle; here she had derived from his instructions a degree of knowledge, which, combined with her natural genius, rendered her as distinguished for the qualities of her mind as for the beauty of her person. The sensibility of her heart equalled the strength of her understanding; that bewitching tenderness; that devotion to the will of a beloved ob-

ject, traits so essential in the feminine character, were possessed by Marina in their fullest extent; for the absence of these endearing qualities, even beauty the most alluring, or graces the most captivating, cannot atone; these may indeed inspire an ardent passion, but cannot preserve a pure and constant attachment.

Marina had imbibed from her father a strong and enthusiastic sense of religion. Devotion was in her a vital principle, which accompanied every thought, and influenced every action; which taught her to succour distress, to forgive errour, to weep with the wretched, and rejoice with the fortunate; which taught her, amidst the beautiful scenery of nature, to love the goodness, and amidst the sublime and terrific, to adore the powers of the Almighty. A stranger to sorrow, she could scarcely believe its reality; and when felicity, the most unalloyed, gladdened her heart, and its animating smile played round her mouth, she would mentally exclaim, "Is it possible that there are beings

who, far from deeming existence a blessing, sigh for its termination, while to me life presents continual charms, and each day teems with new enjoyment!"

When the Princess of Sendomir appeared at court resplendent with youth, sparkling with gaiety, brilliant, happy, innocent, she feared not to express, with equal grace and enthusiasm, the varied feelings of her pure and noble mind. Her rank would have insured respect; her beauty commanded admiration; her virtues excited esteem; but when combining with qualities such as these, the possession of talents as rare as attractive, it may well be deemed she was calculated to inspire the most unbounded interest, the most enthusiastic admiration. Flattered, followed, adored, she yet preserved that simplicity so characteristic of genius, that modesty so essential to woman; her manners acquired the refinement of a court, while her mind remained untouched by its artificial intercourse. Thus the surface of the diamond acquires a polish by

attrition, while its substance retains all its original purity. Such was the Princess of Sendomir, when first Demetrius was presented to her by the Count. The mingled grace and dignity of his manner, the fire of his countenance, the deep mellow tone of his voice, the sweetness of his smile, during the short conversation she had held with him, combined with the enthusiastic eulogium the Count had pronounced on him, to leave a strong impression on the mind of the Princess, and to create a secret desire again to behold him. This desire did not long remain ungratified; the Count soon introduced Demetrius at the palace of Sendomir; and here, as often as the established forms of society permitted, the two friends presented themselves.

The Palatine, who had always regarded the Count with peculiar esteem, extended this sentiment towards his friend; and expressed considerable satisfaction at learning his intention of entering into the service of Poland.

In the frequent and familiar intercourse which Demetrius now held with the Palatine and Marina, he was enabled to observe the effect of religion on the mind, when divested of those superstitions with which he had been accustomed to behold it inseparably connected. He now first learnt to believe and to reverence the sublime truths of Christianity; but his indignation was more than ever excited against those institutions, whose obvious futility had so long prevented him from receiving and acknowledging the divine doctrines they sought to adorn and promulgate. He was not aware that the impression made on the senses by public ordinances assists that conveyed to the mind by religious precepts; and that, when these have been habitually united, the former cannot be attacked without destroying the reverence attached to the latter.

Demetrius, prepossessed by the belief, that a mutual attachment subsisted between the Count and the Princess, felt confirmed in this opinion by the pleasure

she always appeared to receive from his society, and by the admiration with which the Count always spoke of Marina's. He had long endeavoured to persuade himself into a belief, that the eagerness with which he continued to seek her society proceeded rather from esteem than affection; and that the influence of her beauty was forgotten in that of her talents. Yet the anguish he experienced, as he marked the pleasure which beamed from her eyes at the entrance of the Count, or beheld her address him with all her smiling fascination of manner, might have convinced him of the nature of his sentiments, had he not shrunk from their investigation.

The mornings of Demetrius had been regularly passed in solitude, and devoted to study. Having at the accustomed hour retired to his apartment, he placed himself at a table covered with maps of the different provinces of Lithuania and Russia, plans of fortifications, military models, &c. &c. he drew them towards

him, but could not command his attention to their examination. His eye glanced over rivers or forests, or wandered from bastions to redoubts; but his thoughts were far distant; they were employed in dwelling on the recollection of Marina's sweet yet pensive smile, as she bade him farewell on the preceding evening. He fancied that her manner was less brilliant than formerly; but it was more attractive, more interesting; that her eye was less sparkling, but its expression was more tender and more touching. From whence could such a change proceed? She was still the Princess of Sendomir, the admired of every eye, the beloved of every heart—beloved too, by that heart whose possession alone she valued. The pang which ever attended the idea of Marina's attachment to his friend was now accompanied with that of self-reproach. He endeavoured to banish these painful emotions, by recalling the high hopes, the exalted aims, the glowing ambition, which had formerly inhabited his breast; but the depressing question occurred, would these

hopes, if fulfilled, would this ambition, if gratified, now afford him happiness? Oh never! never! was the agonizing reply. He then attempted to forget the pangs of disappointed love, of sickening hope, by dwelling on the memory of his mother, by recalling the idea of her parting tenderness, so often and so fondly retraced in his remembrance. But those who love find every tender emotion insensibly connected with that which is the master-spring of them all; their regard for their former friends appears more warm, it is expressed more frequently and more enthusiastically; but this proceeds from that overflowing softness of heart, which, when inspired by love, resembles snow impregnated by the warm atmosphere of spring, which dissolves beneath the sun-beam's feeblest glance.

Demetrius, finding every effort vain to divert his mind from the painful recollections which crowded upon him, arose and paced the room with a rapid step, to dissipate by motion the poignancy of those

thoughts which solitude and rest rendered more oppressive. Count Wiesnovitski entered the apartment. "The sound of your footsteps," said he, "convincing me that your studies would not receive any interruption by my entrance, I have ventured to intrude, in order to communicate to you some intelligence of importance."

The animation of the Count's voice and manner opposed a painful contrast to the feelings of Demetrius. This gay and happy air in a favoured rival appeared a species of insult; and finding it difficult to repress the irritation it excited, he replied in a grave and abrupt tone to the Count's address, without making any enquiry as to the nature of the intelligence he had to communicate.

The Count, after glancing his eye over the countenance of Demetrius, said in an altered tone, "Few circumstances have excited in me more astonishment than the little interest you have of late expressed in what, at one period, absorbed your every

thought, and influenced your every action. It appears almost requisite," continued he, observing the glance of enquiry which Demetsius directed towards him, "to remind you, that you are descended from the race of Ivan, that you are heir to the empire of Russia."

"And when, or how, My Lord," haughtily demanded Demetrius, "have I evinced this forgetfulness?" "Nay," replied the Count, with a smile of such sweetness as might have disarmed danger itself of its attributes, "I will confess, that you at present possess an entire consciousness of your imperial lineage; the air of majesty diffused over your person proclaims that you feel the distinction between a sovereign and a subject. Yet let me hope that, for a time at least, the equality of friendship may be preserved between us."

"Oh, my friend!" said Demetrius, eagerly seizing the hand which the Count had extended towards him, "how unworthy do I feel of this regard—how painful is the reflection—"

"Which you must therefore determine to banish," replied the Count, "and substitute the pleasure of hope in its place. The intelligence I alluded to on my entrance into this apartment, but which the demon of discord sought to prevent the communication of, was this; that a small body of Russian troops have lately made an unexpected descent into the territories of the Palatine of Sendomir; they were repulsed by the peasantry, nor have they ventured to make a second incursion. Let us however avail ourselves of this favourable moment to communicate the secret of your birth to the Palatine; and induce him, while revenging his own injuries, to embrace the cause of one, for whose future fortunes he has already expressed himself so deeply interested. Will you permit me to make this disclosure, or do you prefer reserving the communication for yourself?"

"My cause can never find an abler advocate than Augustus Wiesnovitski, and to him will I resign it; besides," added

Demetrius with a languid smile, "my head and my heart are too much oppressed to permit me to perform the hero of my own tale to any advantage."

"Some secret sorrow," said the Count, with a look of anxious penetration, "oppresses you. Why hesitate to reveal it? Why——"

"Torture me not by enquiries," interrupted Demetrius, "I cannot now endure them. A period may arrive when my wound may be probed, when my feelings and my sufferings may be revealed. At present leave me to solitude, to reflection; and whatever you may deem me, Oh! do not deem me unfriendly or ungrateful."

The Count, after expressing his commiseration for his sufferings, withdrew, without making any further enquiry into their cause.

Demetrius, once more alone, felt all the imprudence he had been guilty of, in

weakly yielding to a passion, which now seemed to have attained a degree of strength almost insurmountable. "If to conquer it be impossible," exclaimed he, "at least, I will no longer voluntarily resign myself to its dominion."

As he uttered these words, his eye accidentally fell upon his helmet and sabre, which lay neglected in the apartment. He recollected that this was the day and hour when the young nobility of Cracow were accustomed to assemble on the plain beyond the city walls, to try their skill in martial feats, or military exercise. Demetrius had, at one period, engaged in these pursuits with ardour; his interest in them however had gradually declined, till they were of late wholly neglected. At present however he adopted, with eagerness, the idea of engaging in any pursuit which might, even for a moment, divert the painful, the dangerous current of his thoughts.

Equipped in his military garb, and mounted on his courser, he proceeded

through the principal streets of the city to the appointed spot, unconscious of the admiration his graceful form and noble air excited, as he guided his fiery steed, who bent his arched, but submissive neck, beneath the powerful arm he dared not contend with. The Countess Siradia was standing at an open balcony of her palace, surrounded by several ladies, amongst whom was the Princess of Sendomir, when Demetrius passed beneath it. He answered her smile of recognition by a cold but profound obeisance, without perceiving Marina, who had involuntarily attempted to conceal herself from his view.

"Count Lucknow," said the disappointed Henrietta, "is undoubtedly the most insensible, as he is also the most handsome man in existence."

"You have then engaged in a vain contest with this insensibility, and speak the language of defeated experience," demanded the Lady Coloni, with a smile of

malicious meaning. A shade of confusion passed across the features of the Countess; but she endeavoured to conceal it by assuming an air of gaiety, and replied, that she had sufficient cause to accuse *him* of insensibility, who could regard, with such an air of indifference, the beauties her balcony displayed. "Let us," continued she, with the air of one to whom a sudden idea presents itself, "let us pursue this insensible Count to the field of sports, whither his garb proclaims him destined, to discover whether he preserve the same immoveable gravity, amidst the shock of the lance, as amidst the glance of the fair."

The ladies consented to this proposal, which accorded also with the secret inclination of Marina, and proceeded in the superb carriages of the Countess to the field of sports. When they entered it, the nobles, who formed part of the body of Polish hussars, amongst whom was Demetrius, were performing their various manœuvres. Their glittering mails, worn

rather for ornament than defence, their snowy plumes waving over their helmets, the proud, but measured paces of their coursers, called forth expressions of admiration from the ladies. Marina alone was silent; she dared not trust her voice to express the feelings which the scene before her excited; that scene, which, without the presence of Demetrius, would have appeared but an empty pageant. Every new or striking situation, in which a beloved object is beheld, seems to bestow a deeper interest to that before excited; when love is accompanied by hope, the conviction of this is attended with a species of exultation, but when deprived of it becomes infinitely painful; that depressing belief of inferiority, so common a characteristic of a true attachment, is increased to an oppressive degree, and a transient temptation is experienced to depreciate perfections whose contemplation is attended by feelings at once irritating and humiliating. Marina had long ceased to behold Demetrius with indifference The originality of his manner and opin-

ions had at first merely excited her interest, but the grace, the dignity, the mingled softness and spirit of his character, had finally succeeded in attaching her heart.

Many of the young nobles, who had courted the smiles of the Princess, or sighed for her regard, united cultivation of mind to elegance of manner and gracefulness of person; but they possessed not sufficient distinctness of character to make a strong impression on such a mind as Marina's. Their ideas, their hopes, their pursuits, were not only influenced, but created by the habits of that society in which they moved. However their talents, or their dispositions might originally vary—like different metals all cast in the same mould—they alike received the current impression of the world—the stamp of nature was effaced in the mint of art. Their conversation, when serious, proceeded neither from their feelings or their reflections, but consisted of those adopted opinions, which, passing through the me-

mory, but not the mind, become tedious from their triteness, or unmeaning from their want of application; when lively, it was frequently brilliant and amusing; but it wanted those traits of genius and originality, the sudden gesture, the arch smile, the sun-beam from the eye, which, accompanying the mental irradiation, gave poignancy to the wit, and grace to the sallies of Demetrius. In Count Wiesnovitski the Princess saw much to admire, and every thing to esteem; she respected the justness of his sentiments and their consistency with his conduct; his conversation often instructed, sometimes amused, and always interested her; but the equality of his manner, the even tenor of his feelings prevented him from exciting those more vivid emotions it was reserved for Demetrius to inspire.

Original characters, whose peculiarities neither repel or alarm, frequently engage the affections more irresistibly than those which possess less distinct, but perhaps more estimable qualities.—The fer-

tile valley, or the fragrant flower, are too frequently beheld, to leave any strong impression on the mind; but the roaring cataract, the cloud-capt mountain, are viewed with wonder, and recalled with interest."

To Marina, Demetrius seemed alone in the universe; all that he did, all that he uttered, breathed such an air of daring independence, that sometimes she regarded him with an emotion almost bordering upon awe; at others, every soft and every tender feeling was excited by the melting cadence of his voice as he addressed her —by the beaming softness of his eye, as he gazed upon her. These were moments when the full conviction of the sentiments she had cherished, were disclosed to her knowledge, and overwhelmed her with shame and regret; for never had she indulged the hope of having excited reciprocal regard. The general distance of his manner, the habit in which he pertinaciously persevered of quitting her, whenever the Count approached them,

convinced her of his indifference. The coldness of his manner on the preceding evening had more decidedly than before confirmed her in this belief; and made pain predominate over pleasure in her mind, when she gazed on him, as he performed his rapid evolutions; as she marked the grace of his gestures, the lightning of his eye, when in the circling course, he swiftly passed the spot where she unseen was seated. She imagined the high hopes, the exalted emotions, which must now animate his breast; and, endeavouring to identify her feelings with his, she glanced forward in thought to the hero's career, to the field of glory, to the "festival of honour." Alas! to her its anticipation was a source of terror, not of triumph; she turned aside to conceal from her companions the feelings her expressive countenance betrayed.

At this moment, the body of hussars, who had before wheeled round the course, or performed their manœuvres with their lances, now arranging themselves into a

long extended column, suddenly unsheathed their sabres, at the same moment elevating them in the air, as if in the act of taking aim at the enemy. The sudden flash of light gleaming from the polished weapons, with all the brilliancy of lightning, terrified the horses belonging to the carriage in which Marina was seated. They plunged with violence; their riders were precipitated to the ground; with unchecked speed they rushed across the plain. The hussars, immediately dispersing, followed the carriage with the utmost velocity. The sound of their rapid pursuit but urged on the horses to more desperate exertion; they rapidly approached the moat, which surrounded the walls of Cracow. The hussars paused, in hopeless expectation, in silent alarm, for destruction seemed to hang over the scene. Suddenly one of the females, seated in the carriage, attempted to precipitate herself from it, but finding the effort ineffectual wildly clasped her hands and uttered a shriek of despair, as she cast a glance

of horrour towards the spot they were approaching.

That face, that voice were instantly recognised by Demetrius. Excess of apprehension, which so often unnerves the firmest heart, and palsies the strongest arm, now lent to Demetrius a degree of courage and resolution almost supernatural. He marked the spot to which the horses were advancing, and, dashing with desperate speed to the same point, compelled his fiery and terrified courser to remain stationary on the brink of the moat. To arrest the progress of the furious and ungoverned steeds, with the force of his single arm, appeared impossible; yet tamely to await their approach, was but to present himself to destruction, without averting it from Marina.

The first cause of their alarm now occurred to him, he raised his sabre, and flashed it rapidly before their eyes. This succeeded; the horses suddenly wheeled round and again rushed forward in an op-

posite direction. Demetrius galloping towards the hussars, who were now assembled in a body, briefly explained his wishes to them, and again pursued the horses, who, panting and fatigued, had gradually abated their speed. The hussars in the meantime, had formed themselves into an immense circle, and when Demetrius rushed before and turned the horses from their present course, in every direction sabres gleamed in their eyes, and opposed their progress; frightened and bewildered, they at length paused and gazed wildly around, while their fiery eyes, smoaking nostrils, and erected ears bespoke their spirits yet unquelled. Demetrius availed himself of this moment to approach, and cutting the traces, which attached the horses to the carriage, he impetuously snatched the Princess from it, and bore her through the closely pressing throng.

CHAP. IV.

"Those happy smiles,
Which play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

King Lear.

"Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth,
That ever made eyes swerve; had force, and knowledge
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them, or condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition."

The Winter's Tale.

MARINA had beheld Demetrius rush towards the trenches, had beheld him on the frightful brink, checking, with one arm his restive steed, while the other was extended towards the carriage, now rapidly approaching, and threatening to overwhelm him with destruction; but she beheld no more; her senses fled before her apprehensions. When she recovered her recollection, she found herself in a carriage supported by Demetrius, who was

regarding her with looks of the tenderest anxiety. Forgetful of every thing but his past alarm and present joy, transported at beholding her revive, "She lives, she lives!" Demetrius exclaimed, wildly seizing her hands and pressing them to his breast, while rapture beamed from his expressive eyes. Marina regarded him with a look of surprise and enquiry.

"Oh! ask me not how I have been thus fortunate to rescue thee! require not cold details of scenes, too dreadful even to be remembered; you live and I am blest; you are in safety, and I am in elysium!"

His looks, his words, his manner, all conveyed an instantaneous, but undoubted conviction of his attachment. A thousand conflicting emotions struggled in the breast of Marina. Gratitude for her deliverance, terrour, scarcely overcome, at her late danger, joy at the discovery of Demetrius' affection overpowered her with sensations she in vain endeavoured to conceal; and her colour faded, though a

sweet smile stole over her countenance as she again sunk back in the carriage.

The manner of Demetrius instantly changed from the expression of rapture to that of solicitude; he addressed her in the gentlest and most soothing accents, besought her to tranquilize her feelings, and implored her forgiveness for the vehemence with which he had betrayed a passion it had so long been torture to him to conceal. The expression of Marina's countenance, the blush which stole over her cheeks, the soft but hastily withdrawn glance of her eye, for the first time conveyed to Demetrius an intimation that she was not insensible to it. Gratitude, friendship, the anguish he had so long endured, the misery he had so lately anticipated, all were forgotten in the rapturous belief that Marina returned his attachment.

"Oh say," he exclaimed, "say before we part, what have I to hope or to dread from this continued silence?"

They had nearly reached the palace of Sendomir. Demetrius still retained Marina's hand as he gazed on her face with an expression of the most ardent anxiety, the most devoted affection; the Princess, in a timid and faltering voice, while endeavouring to conceal the struggles of her feelings, replied, "From me, my Lord, you can never have to apprehend either ingratitude or insensibility."

Demetrius, with a glance, vivid as the lightning's flash, and a smile sweet as the parting sun-beam, expressed his rapture and his thanks, as the carriage stopped before the palace gates. They descended, and Demetrius supported rather than led Marina towards the grand saloon. On their entrance, they discovered the Palatine and Count engaged in earnest conversation. The sight of the latter instantly recalled to Demetrius all those recollections, which a momentary delirium of bliss had banished. He had endeavoured to supplant his friend in the affections of Marina, that friend but now employed in

pleading his cause, in promoting his service. Shame, anguish, regret, in a moment saddened the bright countenance of Demetrius.

The Palatine and Count eagerly enquired the cause of their sudden appearance, and disordered manner. They appeared alike incapable of replying to these demands. Demetrius at length briefly related the circumstances which had so recently occurred. He dwelt much on the danger which the Princess had incurred, but little on the efforts he had made to preserve her from destruction.

The Palatine ardently and repeatedly expressed his gratitude, held his daughter to his breast, shedding tears of joy over her; then returned to Demetrius, and said, pressing his hand between both his; "Little, brave Prince, did I deem that the interest the Count had already excited in my breast towards you, could admit of increase; but now, oh! infinitely stronger is it rendered by being united with gratitude."

The Princess, at this address, for the first time since her entrance into the apartment, directed her glance towards Demetrius. "Prince!" she repeated in a tone of astonishment and enquiry; while the change in his expression struck her with surprise and pain.

"You will permit me to communicate to my daughter, the events which the Count has this morning made me acquainted with?" demanded the Palatine.

"Oh! most assuredly," replied Demetrius, "if the Princess condescends to interest herself in my fate, it will become doubly an object of concern to myself."

The Palatine regarded him for a moment, then glanced his eye over Marina, and an expression of significance, as if he had made some important discovery, passed across his countenance, while the smile of satisfaction, with which it was accompanied, evinced that it was not an unpleasing one.

The Count now proposed that they should retire, and leave the Princess to that repose her appearance implied she required. Demetrius acquiesced with his proposal, and the Count taking his arm, proceeded towards his own habitation. They entered it, and Demetrius immediately quitting the Count, was hastily preparing to ascend the grand staircase, when the Count exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "Is then the reception the Palatine gave to your history, an object of total unconcern to you?" Demetrius, struck with the apparent ingratitude and inconsistency of his conduct, instantly returned and accompanied Count Wiesnovitski into his apartment.

"My dear friend," said the Count, with a look and voice of sympathy, "What means this pallid countenance, this agitated mien?"

The heart of Demetrius, already softened by the emotions it had so lately experienced, was wholly overcome by the

kindness of the Count's manner and address. Throwing himself into a seat, he concealed his face beneath his hand to hide the weakness it betrayed.

"What am I to infer from this conduct?" said Count Wiesnovitski, approaching him. "Is this the agony of grief, or the remorse of guilt?" "Both, both," replied Demetrius, in a stifled voice; "Count Wiesnovitski, he added, suddenly rising and pacing the room with rapid though unequal steps, "I have betrayed your friendship, I am unworthy your regard; I love the Princess of Sendomir, enthusiastically, devotedly love her. I have dared to avow this love—have dared to demand a return—have—" "Received it, interrupted the Count, in a voice so unaffectedly calm, that Demetrius, suddenly pausing, fixed his ardent gaze upon his countenance; the arch glance of his eye, the playful smile of his lip, confounded him.

"Is all this an illusion," he exclaimed, or is it indeed Count Wiesnovitski whom I now address?"

"It *is* Count Wiesnovitski, whom you address," he replied; "and for the allusion,—it is yourself who have created it. Your imagination has converted a sincere friend into a favoured rival. The deception, without doubt, has been productive of some unpleasing effects; its elucidation, it is to be hoped, will be attended with more agreeable consequences."

The countenance of Demetrius gradually changed its expression from the stupor of amazement to the glow of rapture. He poured forth incoherent expressions of gratitude and delight; he overwhelmed the Count by numerous and contradictory enquiries; and finally concluded by demanding, how it was possible for the Count to know Marina, to enjoy her society, to be honoured by her friendship, and still to retain its philosophical indifference.

"Indifference certainly is not a term which expresses my feelings towards the Princess; but happily I *am* sufficiently

philosophical to retain possession of my own heart, when I am not likely to receive another in exchange; and this I had discernment enough to discover would have been the case, had I have felt too deeply the charms of the Princess. From the period of my first acquaintance with your character, it appeared to me that you were exactly calculated to conceive a reciprocal attachment; the advantages attendant on such an attachment need no enumeration, nor indeed would they at present obtain much of your attention. The impression you had received of my being your rival, I was not anxious to remove, as I was desirous that you should obtain the confidence of the Palatine, before you sought the hand of the Princess; and I dreaded lest the natural enthusiasm of your character should counteract those schemes which I had planned for your future welfare."

"Admirable friend!" exclaimed Demetrius, "be you ever the guide of this *en-*

thusiasm; to your judgment, even in its wildest flights, shall it be subjugated."

"Beware how you make a promise you will find it difficult to perform," replied the Count; "we are never conscious of the extent of our enthusiasm, till, like the retiring waves of a stormy sea, its violence is subsiding, and leaves us leisure to contemplate the force of its progress, by the extent of its effects. Imagine not, however, that I reprobate *that* enthusiasm, whose ardour springs from an undaunted reliance on the justness of its aim—from the proud consciousness of the grandeur of its object, whose fire is furnished by the hand of reason, and kindled by the torch of genius; but it is that dangerous elevation of the imagination, which no longer permitting those who are influenced by it, to perceive objects through the medium of their own or of others' experience, diminishing difficulty, and concealing danger, rushes forward from theory to practice, absorbed in enthusiastic visions, heedless of precaution, fearless of

consequence. It is this, my friend, which some views which you formerly indulged, some traits, which you have occasionally displayed, would lead me to apprehend, if ever you ascend the throne of your ancestors."

"Oh! embitter not such a prospect of bliss by anticipations of evil," replied Demetrius, "which it will rest with you to obviate; for have I not declared, that you shall ever be, not merely the friend of my heart but the counsellor of my reason?"

The Count expressed his sense of this confidence, and then proceeded to communicate the substance of the conversation which had taken place between the Palatine and himself. He had betrayed the deepest interest throughout the whole of the narrative, and had at its conclusion, solemnly promised to espouse the interests of Demetrius, as soon as the state of his country would permit; but he had advised, that the Prince should make a campaign

against Sweden, in the cause of the Poles, before he sought to lead them against Russia in his own. "With this favourable disposition towards you," continued the Count, "little doubt can exist with regard to the reception the Palatine will give the disclosure of your attachment to his daughter. My advice, therefore, in this respect, will coincide with your inclinations, when I propose that this disclosure be made as soon as circumstances will permit."

Demetrius pressed the hand of his friend in reply to his advice, and in acknowledgment of his kindness, and then retired to his own apartment, there to give boundless scope to the blissful anticipations which occupied his thoughts—to the rapturous sensations which glowed in his heart.

The Palatine, in the meantime, had informed Marina of the imperial lineage, the eventful history of Demetrius. With almost breathless impatience she listened

to a narrative, which must have excited curiosity, even in an unconcerned auditor; but in the breast of Marina, awakened interest the most unbounded. When the Palatine concluded the narrative, the Princess, absorbed in remembrance of Demetrius, dwelling on the singularity of his former life, or the grandeur of his future prospects, forgot the singular appearance her silence must wear to her father, forgot even his presence. "Marina," he at length said, and at the sound of his voice she started, raised her eyes towards him, and beheld his piercing regard fixed on her countenance; "Marina, how am I to account for the total absence of interest with which you have attended to the history of Prince Demetrius of Russia?"

"Absence of interest!" she involuntarily repeated, "Oh my father!" She paused, for his expressive smile recalled her to self possession. A vivid blush passed across her cheeks, and believing the secret of her heart betrayed, she arose

and was hastily preparing to quit the apartment.

The Palatine, for a moment, gently detaining her, said, "Go, my beloved child, but go with the assurance, that your future happiness will ever be the first object of your father's care; and that at this moment, the inclination of your heart, and the wishes of his, are in unison."

He held his daughter to his breast, and impressed a kiss of tenderness upon her cheek, she cast a glance of timid but grateful affection towards him, and withdrew.

The unmingled rapture which the certainty of requited affection, the glow of happy love conveys to the heart of man, is tempered in that of woman, as the splendour of the sun falls with chequered radiance through the grove's light foliage, by the soft shades of modesty and apprehension. Surprise at the novelty of her emotions, alarm at their violence, forbad

Marina to resign herself, without a species of timidity, to the empire of that affection which she felt was destined to domineer over every other,—on which she felt her future happiness was to depend.

Timid, trembling, her bosom throbbing with mingled emotions of fear and love, the Princess awaited the arrival of Demetrius, as the hour approached at which he was wont to present himself at the palace of Sendomir. Simply, but tastefully habited, in a vest of white satin, a few roses blushing on her bosom, and amidst her silken tresses, the various and rapid fluctuations of her feelings beautifully expressed in the vivid glances of her eyes, in the deepened tints of her cheek, in the sweet yet timid smile which played around her mouth, she had never appeared so exquisitely lovely, as when the Palatine, accompanied by Demetrius, entered the apartment, and advanced towards her.

"This morning, Marina," said her father with a smile, "I accused you of in-

4678B

difference towards the fate of your gallant preserver. I have now granted him permission to try, whether he can induce you to betray towards himself a deeper interest in it, than you expressed to your father."

Marina raised her eyes with a supplicating look, as if to deprecate a continuation of her father's raillery; but he had quitted the apartment, and instead of meeting the regard of the Palatine, she encountered that of Demetrius, fixed on her, with an expression of such ardent affection, such rapturous admiration, as compelled her eyes again to seek the ground, and added a deeper hue to the vermillion of her cheeks.

"Oh! tell me," exclaimed Demetrius, "tell me, loveliest of created beings! that I have not been deluded by vain and presumptuous hopes into thus aspiring to your favour, into thus daring to implore some return to that passionate and devoted attachment, which has so long, to the

exclusion of almost every other emotion, occupied every thought and every sense." His imploring eye, his thrilling accents, expressing all the doubt and the anxiety of the most respectful, yet ardent attachment, vibrated on the heart of Marina; she could not resist their tender appeal.

"If," said she, in a hesitating accent, raising her eyes for a moment to his countenance, but again veiling them beneath her silken lashes; "if any further assurance of regard be necessary, receive it, Prince! sanctioned as it now is, by a parent's approbation." She paused, while love and modesty seemed to struggle for empire in her breast, and diffused over her face and figure, an expression at once vivid and touching, attracting by its beauty, yet commanding by its purity.

Demetrius poured forth, in strains of the sincerest attachment, his exquisite sense of happiness and of gratitude. To the tumultuous expressions of rapture, succeeded the softer interchange of feel-

ings. Marina attended with the deepest interest to every detail, however minute, or circumstance, however trivial, connected with the fate of Demetrius.

She shared in the feelings he expressed towards his mother, and with him eagerly anticipated the moment, when, freed from her unjust confinement, she should be clasped in the arms of her son, and by him restored to the rank she had formerly enjoyed. Marina shrunk with dread, however, from the contemplations of the dangers he must brave before that period of happiness could arrive. As she viewed the graceful form, the glowing countenance of Demetrius, she shuddered at the thought that the fate of war might lay that form in the dust, and stamp with the hues of death that present brilliant countenance.

The joy of Demetrius, on the contrary, was unalloyed by any anticipations of evil. It was entire, it was rapturous, it was triumphant. The native energy and

gaiety of his character now burst forth with a radiance, which surprised and charmed Marina. His former ambition now received an additional stimulus; for on its gratification depended the fulfilment of a still dearer hope. His love of glory became more ardent; for how sweet was the idea of exalting himself in the opinion of Marina, of rendering himself more worthy her regard, of creating a yet deeper interest in her heart!

The late successes of the Swedes had now spread considerable alarm throughout Poland; commanded by their King, the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, they had invested and reduced Riga, entered Courland, devastated great part of Lithuania, and now besieged, with an immense fleet, the city of Dantzic. Notwithstanding these successes, Gustavus made proposals of peace to Sigismund; but infatuated by the hopes of recovering the crown of Sweden, he still continued inflexible. Gustavus therefore determined to pursue his good fortune. His generals

defeated the Poles in Semigallia, while he besieged and reduced Pillaw. Sigismund, alarmed at his repeated defeats, sent a body of troops to oppose him, and to prevent Dantzic from falling into his hands. His troops, however, were defeated before Marienberg, and Gustavus arrived with fresh forces before Dantzic, which he would probably have carried, had he not been wounded by a cannon shot. The Poles, in the meantime, recovered Marienberg, and the States of Holland sent ambassadors to mediate a peace between the two kingdoms. Sigismund, however, would listen to no accommodations, and was at present encamped at Dobrazin, whither he summoned the nobles of his kingdom to join him. The Palatine and Count Wiesnovitski prepared to obey this command; the former offered Demetrius a station of considerable importance amongst his own troops, who were now assembled at Cracow; this was accepted by him with mingled gratitude and delight; and the period which elapsed before the departure of the troops

divided between the society of the Princess and his military arrangements. An air of sadness and desolation reigned throughout the palace of Sendomir, when Demetrius repaired to it on the morning destined for his departure. The court before the palace was occupied by the Palatine's troops, receiving or delivering orders. The grand hall was strewed with military packages and martial accoutrements; throughout the interiour, all was a scene of dreary confusion, where the grave countenances of the actors ill agreed with their hurried and impatient movements.

No sentiment of sadness, however, could penetrate the soul of Demetrius. High in hope, young in experience, the joy of anticipated transport was as yet unalloyed by the recollection of past disappointment. Even his approaching separation from the Princess touched his soul with only a passing pang; for was he not even now approaching nearer the possession of her, who was at once his inspira-

tion and his aim? Oh! how different were the triumphant feelings which glowed in the breast of Demetrius, from the trembling apprehensions which dwelt in that of Marina! Depressed, overwhelmed, shrinking from the poignancy of reflections which her vivid imagination increased even to agony, when Demetrius entered her apartment, she raised her tearful eyes towards him, and as they rested on his countenance, their expression seemed to reproach him for the want of sympathy it betrayed. The fire of his eye vanished, as he gazed upon her pallid cheek; he anxiously endeavoured to re-assure her, employed every argument that the most sincere and devoted attachment could suggest, to allay the apprehensions she tremblingly expressed. Her tears continued to flow, but their bitterness was in some measure abated. The assured voice, the intrepid mien of Demetrius, insensibly communicated some portion of firmness to the mind of Marina; but on the entrance of the Palatine, her former alarms recurred.

"Both, both," she exclaimed, "must I then lose you both amidst these dreadful scenes? and these, too, are but the prelude to others."—She paused, as if endeavouring to acquire more self-command. She arose, and taking the hands of the Palatine and Demetrius, joined them together, as with fervent, yet trembling accents she exclaimed, "Guard, oh, Demetrius! the life of my father!" and you, oh, my father, she added, in more faltering accents, "preserve the life of Demetrius." She raised her eyes to heaven, as if to implore protection upon objects so beloved; then, fervently pressing their united hands, she suddenly released them, and waving hers, as if to forbid their pursuit, rushed from the apartment.

CHAP. V.

"From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds.
That the fixed centinels may almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed in loud and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up
Give dreadful note of preparation."

Henry 4th.

For a time the thrilling tones, the parting farewell of the Princess, rendered Demetrius insensible to every other impression; but when mingled in the cavalcade, amidst his young and noble associates, the sound of martial music, the trampling of the steeds, the glance of burnished armour, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," gradually created other emotions, till the recollections of the lover yielded to the anticipations of the hero.

Count Wiesnovitski, at the head of his own troops, was separated from Demetrius during the march; but as they pursued the same route, joined the Palatine and himself in the various towns or villages wherein the troops reposed and refreshed themselves.

The fortified city of Wadislaw afforded objects of interest and enquiry, and the Count and Demetrius, soon after their arrival at it, proceeded to explore the environs. After having examined the outworks and fortifications, they ascended the ramparts. It was a lovely evening; and the friends, pleased with an opportunity of indulging in unreserved intercourse, prolonged it till the shades of night, closing around, reminded them of the considerable period which had elapsed since they quitted the city. They had remained for some time at one spot, leaning against the parapet, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country; they had entered into the most confidential discourse; the love,

the hope, the ambition of Demetrius, had been dwelt on with his accustomed energy and candour; his past misfortunes, his future prospects had been discussed, and, kindling with the ardour the subject always inspired, he exclaimed, "Oh, Augustus! it is not in the power of language to express how strong is the hatred, how powerful the revenge, which inflames the last descendant of Ivan, against the usurper of his throne, the tyrant of his country, the murderer of his brother, the detested——." A strong pressure of his arm arrested his speech, and raising his eyes in astonishment to the Count, he beheld him, while one hand rested upon his arm, directing the other towards a projection in the wall, from behind which appeared part of a figure sufficiently near to convince them their conversation had been overheard. Demetrius, irritated at this idea, was on the point of rushing towards him, when the object of his indignation, perceiving his intention, fled with the utmost precipitation. The Count and Demetrius, as if by mutual consent,

though without exchanging a single word, rapidly pursued and retained him in their sight, till they reached the entrance of the city, when he suddenly disappeared from their view. In vain they attempted to recover some traces of him; and after wandering through every square and street in the city, they returned fatigued and disappointed to the Palatine, who enquired, with some surprise, into the occasion of their long absence, and the discomfiture of their countenances; but, equally unwilling to confess the imprudence they had been guilty of, or to alarm the Palatine, they endeavoured to elude these enquiries.

When conversing apart on the subject, they agreed that no possibility remained of discovering who had been their auditor, as they had neither observed his dress or features sufficiently to recognise them. As the length of time, during which he had been stationed near the parapet, was extremely uncertain, they felt inclined to indulge a hope, that he might not have

made himself acquainted with any circumstance of importance relative to the Prince's history.

As the troops were departing from Wadislaw on the ensuing morning, and Demetrius was preparing to ascend his courser, a man clothed in a wretched garb, his arm slung in a scarf, his face pallid and distorted, placed himself immediately at the head of the Prince's horse, and clasped his hands together in an attitude of entreaty. Demetrius, regarding the miserable object with compassion, gave him some florins, and again prepared to ascend his impatient steed, when the mendicant, throwing himself on the ground, caught the end of his girdle, and poured forth the most vehement expressions of gratitude, while his dark and scrutinizing eye was fixed upon his countenance. Demetrius endeavoured to disengage himself from his grasp, but the mendicant still pursued his useless and troublesome acknowledgments. Demetrius, irritated at this strange persever-

ance, and perceiving all his comrades were prepared to depart, and regarding, with surprise, the singular scene before them, suddenly detached the belt from the mendicant's grasp, vaulted upon his courser, and joined his comrades, who gaily congratulated him on having effected his escape. Suddenly the idea that this man was the same as had alarmed the Count and himself on the preceding night, flashed across his mind, and, checking his horse, he turned to discover whether he were yet visible. He was not to be perceived amongst the crowd assembled to view the departure of the troops; and Demetrius, recollecting how impossible it would be to identify the mendicant with their auditor of the preceding night, pursued his way, without making any attempts to discover him, yet not without experiencing some inquietude from these remarkable incidents. All inquietude, all retrospection, however, was banished from the mind of Demetrius, when the troops arrived within sight of the Polish camp. From a spot of rising ground,

they beheld an immense extent of country covered with tents of various descriptions. The royal standard, waving heavily in the centre of the camp, proclaimed the presence of Sigismund. Numerous banners, belonging to the Palatines and nobles of the kingdom, fluttered over their respective tents, while, in the intervening spaces, glittered the mailed warriour, or the caparisoned steed. The whole encampment was surrounded by a fortification, which multitudes were busily employed in completing; and the din of their instruments, the sound of their strokes, returned in equal intervals upon the ear.

It was a scene of brilliancy and animation: to those who reflected how soon it might be converted into one of blood and desolation, its contemplations was not unattended with melancholy emotions; but Demetrius beheld it with unmixed delight; his bosom swelled with prophetic transport, as he reflected that a period might arrive when he also should have

armies at command—when he also should be a warriour and a monarch. The arrival of the troops was hailed by the army with the utmost satisfaction; the soldiers mingled together, and while one party recounted the various fortunes of the campaign, the other conveyed tidings of their homes, their friends and kindred; each listened to the other with interest; each interrupted the other's recital, by frequent ejaculations of surprise, or sorrow, or satisfaction.

The Palatine and nobles, meantime, repaired to the royal tent, to receive the order of their sovereign. Sigismund gave them a gracious reception; but his haggard eye, the care-worn traces of his cheek, the expression of uneasiness which his countenance assumed, when not immediately engaged in conversation, betrayed the anxiety of his mind, and convinced his subjects that he dreaded being obliged to comply with the terms proposed by Gustavus, that of his entire resignation to all claims on the crown of Swe-

den. This event several of the Polish nobles, amongst whom was the Palatine of Sendomir, secretly desired; but the indignation Sigismund had hitherto expressed, even at the suggestion of this proposal, compelled them to maintain silence on a measure they yet hoped prudence would induce him to adopt. Demetrius, presented to him by the Palatine, under the title of Count Lucklow, was received with peculiar courtesy; and the enthusiasm with which he expressed his anxiety for a general engagement, called forth a smile of approbation, though it was speedily succeeded by a sigh of retrospection. The Swedish army was encamped near Quidzin, about the distance of thirty leagues from the spot occupied by the Poles. It was imagined that Gustavus, aware of the inferiority of his forces, would avoid coming to an engagement; but Sigismund, who was perfectly acquainted with the spirit and enterprise of the enemy he had to contend with, deemed otherwise, and determined to await his

approach in his present advantageous situation.

On the fourth day after the arrival of the Palatine's forces at the Polish camp, intelligence was brought the King, that Gustavus, at the head of his army, was advancing rapidly towards them. "He shall find us prepared to receive him," replied Sigismund; and immediately he rode through the camp, examining the entrenchments, delivering orders to his generals, and exhorting and encouraging his men.

At sunset, the advanced guard of the Swedish army was in sight; the Poles immediately placed themselves in a state of warlike preparation; but perceiving no disposition on the part of the enemy to attack their camp, Sigismund commanded his troops to remain within the trenches. Before the close of day, the whole Swedish army was in sight. The shades of night soon concealed them from the anxious and exploring eyes of the Poles; but the hea-

vy trampling of their cavalry, the neighing of the steeds, the rattling of armour, the voices of the chiefs issuing their orders, in the loud tones of command, were distinctly heard through the stillness of the night, and conveyed an intimation of the Swedes being occupied in forming a temporary shelter. Suddenly the profound darkness was interrupted by the blaze of innumerable fires, kindled by the adverse armies. The whole plain was enlightened by this artificial day, and so near were the advanced guards of the Swedes to the Polish camp, that the two armies appeared but as one. There were no alarms, however, no disturbance in either army; a kind of truce seemed to reign between them, and each appeared to think the sun alone worthy to behold those efforts of valour they meant to display.

Ardently did Demetrius anticipate the dawn of that day, which was to behold his first advance towards the goal of immortality, to witness his first progress in

the career of glory. Incapable of taking any repose, enveloped in his mantle, and leaning on his sabre, he remained alternately regarding the movements of the Swedish army, or casting impatient glances towards the east. It came at last,—this moment, so long, so eagerly anticipated; and Demetrius, already equipped, mounted on his courser, and assembling the body of hussars under his command, waited impatiently the orders of the King.

The army was drawn out of the camp, and arranged in order of battle. The nature of the ground, which was perfectly level, presented no opportunity for displaying skill in the exercise of manœuvres, or disposition of ambuscades. Demetrius was stationed in the right wing, to protect a body of infantry under the command of Count Wiesnovitski; the Palatine commanded the left, and the King himself the centre. The front of the Swedish army exhibited a formidable aspect; the principal part of the forces was composed of infantry, whose ferried

spears presented an almost impenetrable phalanx; these were protected by dragoons, whose weapons were a pistol and a sabre; the latter hung from their belts, while the former were levelled against the enemy. The Swedish chiefs were discovered by the splendour of their garbs, and the energy of their actions. Gustavus Adolphus, distinguished by his majestic stature, and the peculiarity of his armour, was seen darting along the different columns, repeating and enforcing his orders; then, suddenly throwing himself amongst a body of cavalry, the trumpets sounded the charge, and, like a thunderbolt, he rushed forward at the head of the dragoons, and bore down upon the right wing, where Demetrius was stationed. The fierceness of the attack, the flash from the weapons, the smoke and dust which enveloped him, rendered it impossible to hear or see beyond the extent of a few paces; all was tumult, all was obscurity. Demetrius remained firm in his post; returned the furious onset by discharging his pistol against his immediate

opponent, and then drawing his sabre, attacked him with vigour; his arm proved victorious; the Swede sunk breathless from his horse, and the smoke, now dispersing before a sudden gale of wind, discovered that the dragoons who had borne down on them had, in the ardour of their attack, separated themselves from the main body of the army. The hope of surrounding and securing them instantly occurred to Demetrius; he issued his orders to the hussars, who immediately made an attempt to obey him; while Demetrius himself fought with a fury inspired by hope, and animated by conquest. The agility of his movements, the vigour of his frame, the perfect coolness of his courage, rendered every stroke the harbinger of death. The dragoons shrunk from his uplifted sabre; a Swedish officer, irritated at this opposition, rushed towards him, and, lifting up his sabre between both his hands, aimed a stroke at the helmet of Demetrius. He parried the blow, and the next moment disarmed, and directed his weapon at the

breast of the officer, at the same time requesting him to acknowledge himself his prisoner, and retire to the Polish camp. The Swede, after regarding Demetrius for a moment, complied, and followed an hussar, whom the Prince had commanded to conduct him to his tent. In the meantime, Gustavus had recovered his original station in the main body of the army, and the hopes of Demetrius were disappointed. The Palatine, amongst other directions he had given to Demetrius, had advised him never to allow his troops to depart at any considerable distance from the post they at first occupied; and even if scattered in pursuit of the enemy, to endeavour to re-establish discipline and order amongst them. This advice he now prepared to obey; but in vain he summoned, by his voice and gesture, the hussars to return to their post; they were in pursuit of the dragoons, who had attacked them so furiously at the commencement of the battle; and the spirit of personal resentment mingled with that of public warfare. The dragoons were

now completely routed, and flying over the plain in every direction; their further pursuit could afford no essential service to the cause; and Demetrius, indignant at the inefficacy of his efforts to make himself obeyed, called upon those few of the hussars who yet remained near his person, to return with him to the post they had forsaken. At this moment the dreadful cry of "The Poles retreat! the Poles retreat!" resounded through the air. Demetrius spurred on his courser, and endeavoured to recover the station he had abandoned; but it was in possession of the enemy, and the whole field presented one vast scene of confusion, of carnage, and of tumult. Nothing now remained but the exertion of mere personal courage. Wherever the Swedes appeared victorious, Demetrius rushed towards them, fought to sustain the sinking Poles, and endeavoured to re-assure them by his words, his gestures, but, above all, by his example. In one part of the field he beheld the Palatine of Sendomir; his horse had been killed, and, deserted by

his troops, he was feebly struggling with his numerous opponents. Demetrius fell upon them with resistless fury, and having succeeded in dispersing them, returned to the Palatine dismounted, and placing him on his courser, requested him to leave the field.

"And you my son," exclaimed the Palatine, "why not accompany me? Why throw away your life in a cause, which no valour can longer maintain?"

"Where is then the King?" demanded Demetrius. He could add no more, for the Swedes now bore down upon and separated him from the Palatine. The small body of hussars, which had remained near Demetrius, now gradually diminished. Some fled from the sabres of the enemy, others fell beneath them, and the sound of "Victory to Sweden! Victory to Sweden!" resounded on every side, and conveyed a pang of mingled regret and mortification to every Polish heart. Demetrius now found himself entirely

surrounded by the Swedes, who seemed inspired with courage, proportionate to their success; and the conviction that the strength of his arm was impaired, determined him to make a desperate effort to reach the camp, and retire, for a time at least, within the entrenchment. He effected his purpose with a coolness and resolution which excited the respect and admiration of the enemy; and though he gradually retreated before them, the destrustion his sabre still dealt around, bespoke it the retreat of a hero submitting to fate, rather than of man yielding to man.

The camp presented a scene of alarm and consternation. The trenches were so ill defended, that no hope remained of being enabled to make a long resistance against the victorious Swedes.

Sigismund, overwhelmed with fatigue and despair, was seated in the centre of his tent, surrounded by those few of his nobles who had hastily assembled at

his command. A melancholy silence reigned throughout the circle; after a solemn pause of some minutes, the King thus in anguish addressed them:

"Nobles of Poland! this day has beheld a defeat the most signal that we have endured since the commencement of our contest with Sweden; that contest must terminate here; the hapless Sigismund is no longer a meet rival for the triumphant Gustavus. Your wishes, your feelings, have long been made known to me, and it becomes not your King to oppose the inclination of subjects, who have shed their blood, and risked their lives, in his service. Nobles of Poland! I consent to a peace with Sweden, on whatever terms it can be procured. Let a flag of truce be immediately dispatched to Gustavus." The nobles, whatever were their secret sentiments, from respect to the feelings of Sigismund, forebore to betray any appearance of satisfaction at this declaration. Satisfaction, indeed, at such a moment, they could scarcely experience.

Even when combating in a cause, to which no personal or patriotic interest is attached, the humiliation of defeat is always deeply and painfully felt in the breast of a soldier. Apprehensions also, lest the terms proposed by Gustavus would be too rigorous to receive their acquiescence; the uncertain fate of those friends who were absent from the royal tent, combined to depress the hearts, and sadden the countenance of the assembled nobles. The Palatine of Sendomir now advanced, and entreated permission to accompany the herald to the Swedish monarch. This request was acceded to. The King and nobles unanimously concurred in consigning to his discretion their own honour and their country's welfare. The anxious glance of Demetrius had, during this scene, hastily passed over the assembled warriours, to discover whether Count Wiesnovitski were amongst them. With inexpressible delight, he beheld his well-known countenance, and the heart-felt and expressive

glance of recognition was exchanged between them.

After the departure of the Palatine, the younger part of the nobility quitted the presence of Sigismund. Count Wiesnovitski accompanied Demetrius towards his tent. The hussar stationed at the entrance reminded him of the Swedish officer, whom he had made prisoner during the battle; he mentioned the circumstance to the Count, and, as they entered the tent, the Swede arose and returned their salutation. His venerable and dignified figure impressed them with respect. His helmet was laid aside, and his grey locks waved over his brow; while his dark eye, still retaining all the fire of youth, seemed to imply, that the furrows on his cheek had been traced by the hand of sorrow rather than of time.

Demetrius addressed him with his natural sweetness and courtesy, acquainted him with the fate of the battle, and the embassy dispatched from Sigismund to Gustavus, which seemed to promise not

only a speedy, but a lasting cessation of hostilities between the two countries. "You will not, therefore," continued he, "long endure the fate of a prisoner, and the only advantage I shall derive from my conquest will be, that it may enable me to obtain some knowledge of one, whose appearance so greatly induces me to desire it."

The Swedish chief, without replying to this speech, or indeed appearing aware of its import, gazed on Demetrius with an expression of curiosity and amazement, "That voice, that look!" he wildly exclaimed, "your name, your rank, brave youth; delay not to inform me of them."

Demetrius, surprised and bewildered, was preparing to disclose them without reserve, when a glance from Count Wiesnovitski restored him to self possession. "Count Lucklow," he replied in a low and unassured voice.

"Count Lucklow," repeated the chief in a tone of disappointment.

"May I enquire the motive of this demand?" asked Demetrius.

An air of reserve diffused itself over the countenance of the Swede, as he replied, "Your strong resemblance to a deceased friend has thus induced me to transgress the laws of courtesy. A hope, transient as delusive, had found its way to my heart; the first reflection of reason, however, shewed me its futility, which your reply to my demands confirmed."

Demetrius felt anxious to enquire into the nature of this hope; but Count Wiesnovitski, who marked the impatience of his manners, and dreaded the imprudence of his conduct, addressed himself to the Swede, and insensibly engaged him in an interesting conversation. They discussed, with equal temper and ability, the various fortunes of the war, between the Swedes and Poles. The Count spoke with the highest respect and admiration of the genius and valour of the Swedish monarch. The chief dwelt on them with

enthusiasm, and recounted many instances of heroism, which he had displayed since his entrance into the service of Sweden.

"You are not then a native of Sweden?" enquired the Count. "No I am a Russian," was the reply, and a deep sigh escaped him as he made it. A Russian exclaimed Demetrius. The chief again fixed his penetrating eye upon him. "Yours is a Polish title," he said, but the accent was less that of assertion than enquiry.

"Count Lucklow," interrupted the Count abruptly, "it is probable that the Palatine may have returned from his embassy, shall we not hasten to ascertain its success?" then addressing the chief, he promised to make him acquainted with its result; and taking the arm of Demetrius, hurried him from the tent.

"My dear friend," he exclaimed, "I entreat you to be on your guard with this

mysterious stranger. Remember that a premature discovery of your existence to Boris, would forever destroy those hopes you at present entertain of recovering your native rights. This Russian, most probably, has discovered a resemblance between you and your noble family, which has occasioned his expressions of surprise; but how can we ascertain whether he were the friend of Ivan or be now the partisan of Boris?"

"His being engaged in the service of Sweden, does not make this latter suggestion probable," replied Demetrius. I will, however, comply with your wishes, and endeavour to discover his sentiments before I disclose my history."

"If a truce be agreed on between Sweden and Poland, the two armies will, during the final adjustment of the treaty, remain stationary. During this period we may be enabled to penetrate into the views and character of this Russian nobleman.

They were now arrived at the royal tent, and found the Palatine returned from his embassy. Gustavus disdained to avail himself of his late victories, to impose upon him, who was his kinsman as well as his rival, any harsh terms, or degrading concessions. He simply required that Sigismund should renounce all claims to the kingdom of Sweden, which he could not govern in person, consistently with the compact entered into at the period of his election to the throne of Poland. Should he agree to this proposal, Gustavus consented to resign the principal towns he had taken possession of during the war, and immediately to withdraw his forces from Poland. These terms were too consonant with the wishes of the nobles, not to receive their universal approbation, and Sigismund gloomily resigned the sole arrangement of the treaty to their direction, even refusing to accord, at the request of Gustavus, a personal interview to him.

During these final arrangements, the two armies mingled together in the spirit of social glee, as they had before encountered in the shock of military warfare. Demetrius had made the Palatine acquainted with the singular astonishment his captive had expressed on first beholding him; and the Palatine, anxious to develope a circumstance which might be intimately connected with the fate of Demetrius, endeavoured to learn from the Russian's conversation, the events of his former life. He found him, however, inaccessible on this subject; and any allusion to those events which had occurred during the late reigns, spread a gloom over his countenance, and threw an air of reserve over his manner; he expressed a grateful sense of the attention paid him, both by the Palatine and Count Wiesnovitski; but for Demetrius he soon professed a sincere and ardent attachment, which the latter returned, and felt strongly impelled to break through that restraint, which the prudence of his friends had advised him to observe. A truce for six years being

finally agreed on between the Polish and Swedish nations, the two armies broke up their separate encampments, and Gustavus withdrew his forces out of Poland, to lead them to other combats, and to other victories. The Russian noble, who had expressed a desire to visit the interiour of Poland, was strongly urged by the Palatine and Demetrius to accompany them on their return to Cracow, and he at length consented to comply with their request.

The conclusion of the peace, mortifying to the pride, but favourable to the welfare of Poland, was by the friends of Demetrius regarded as greatly propitious to his future interests. His brilliant courage, his gay and affable demeanour, had rendered him highly popular among the army and younger part of the nobility. The King himself honoured him with particular regard; and the Palatine judged that the return of the army to Cracow would be a favourable period for laying before the Diet of Poland the claims of Demetrius to the throne of Russia.

The anxiety of Demetrius to return to Cracow, induced him to request permission of the King to leave the camp a few days previous to the general departure of the army; Count Wiesnovitski made the same request, and the young nobles accompanied by their Russian friend, and followed by a few attendants, quitted the camp, and advanced by rapid stages towards Cracow.

CHAP. VI.

"How now, Marina! Why do you keep alone?
Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing, with this
Unprofitable woe." *Pericles.*

DURING the first period of her separation from the Palatine and Demetrius, Marina had resigned herself, without control, to the dominion of sorrow. Those, who can for a while dissipate, amidst scenes of tumult or of gaiety, the pangs of temporary or eternal separation, cannot even conceive the agonies of one, doomed to remain in stillness and inaction, while a beloved object is exposed to death, and surrounded by danger. That state of external peace, but secret agitation, resembles the frightful calm, which reigns throughout the face of nature, before the rising hurricane; clouds veil the heavens; darkness broods over the earth; all objects reflect the sombre hue; and sorrow, silence, desolation, breathe over

the scene; at intervals, the trembling forebodings of the fearful heart, like the deep, yet distant thunder, interrupts the solemn stillness; the one, the prelude; the other, the presentiment of destruction. The vivid imagination of Marina, which had formerly been the spring of exquisite enjoyment, employed in anticipating or creating delight, was now converted to a source of torture. Sometimes her reason bade her endeavour to banish these painful and useless apprehensions; but could she do this, without also banishing the remembrance of her father and her lover? And was it not almost criminal to indulge a wish for tranquillity, when they were exposed to perils and braving destruction. Such are the feelings of the heart, not the reasonings of the judgment; but in the spring time of life, in the noon day of love, the heart speaks, while the reason is silent.

How infinite the change! how transporting the contrast! in the feelings of Marina, when she first received intelligence

of the conclusion of the peace—of the safety of the Palatine and Demetrius! In a mind imbued with the spirit of devotion, gratitude is the most powerful stimulus to its exercise. When the heart swells with rapture, to lift it up to that Being, who conferred such excess of joy, becomes its first and dearest desire. Marina poured forth her ardent thanksgiving for this restoration to felicity; and felt, while thus employed, that sweet and sacred calm, which religion diffuses through the soul, temper the violence of her transports; and render them more satisfactory, because more capable of being steadily surveyed; the eye is dazzled by the sun's meridian blaze, but reposes with pleasure on its parting beam.

The Princess of Sendomir now glanced forward with eager delight, to the return of the army. She had calculated, with the utmost exactness, the period when she thought it probable this event might occur; and each day, each hour,

which diminished the interval was hailed with encreasing delight.

As Marina had, in the period of suffering, secluded herself from society, so, in this moment of joy, did she yet remain in solitude, to avoid that imperfect sympathy, which to ardent tempers is even more painful than total indifference. Who would feel, like her, such vivid transport from the certainty of the peace? who would, like her, anticipate, with such eagerness the arrival of the troops? and how painful to behold the uninterested eye! to listen to the cold detail! to hear the indifferent remark of those around, while all *her* feelings were attuned to rapture! Thus thought the young, the enthusiastic Marina, as she paced the grand saloon of the palace, with rapid but unequal steps. Too restless, too agitated, to pursue her wonted employments, finding it equally impossible to command her attention, or subdue her feelings, she ceased the ineffectual attempt, and abandon-

ed herself to all the luxury of blissful anticipation.

Absorbed in one of those delicious reveries, in which the imagination, as yet unchecked by reason, the heart as yet untaught by experience, feels not one pang of *past* disappointment intrude, to foretell the possibility of *future*, but yields without control to the empire of hope; Marina heeded not the lapse of time, or the unusual sounds which issued from the palace court; they became louder, but yet passed unregarded; at length the increasing tumult, which now even appeared to pervade the palace itself, aroused her from her reverie. A rush of joy poured on her heart; her father and Demetrius were returned! the belief was irresistible. She attempted to advance and welcome their approach, but her emotion impeded her progress, and she remained transfixed in the centre of the saloon; her eyes rivetted on the entrance; her cheeks glowing; her lips half unclosed, yet impressed with the smile of rapture; her bosom throbbing

with sensations vivid, fluctuating, and undefinable. The door was suddenly unclosed; and Marina beheld, not the blooming, the animated, the transported lover her fancy had depicted, but a lifeless form, supported in the arms of another; a countenance, impressed with the image of death; Demetrius wounded, expiring, perhaps even now no more! A heart-rending shriek burst from her lips—she tottered a few paces towards him—and then sunk senseless on the ground.

The palace of Sendomir was situated at the entrance of Cracow; and Demetrius, who had, on his return to the city, somewhat preceded his companions, immediately on arriving at it, checked his courser's rein, and sprung lightly to the ground. It was night, but the moon threw a clear and distinct light around, and discovered the massive portal of the palace court. Demetrius immediately hastened to unclose it; it resisted his efforts; and, irritated at this unexpected obstacle, he was preparing to force it open,

when two men rushed from some unperceived covert, and attacked him with a violence which he was wholly unprepared to resist. His garb, adapted to the heat of the season, and the rapidity with which he had travelled, was without any species of martial accoutrement; and the only weapon he had retained, was a small sword, which he instantly unsheathed, and resting against the portal, defended himself with equal skill and courage. He wounded one of the assassins in his side, who, inspired with added fury, in return aimed a stroke with his dagger at Demetrius, which pierced his too unguarded breast, and his weapon instantly fell from his nerveless grasp.

The assassins, with savage exultation, were proceeding to complete their work of destruction, when Count Wiesnovitski and the Russian, accompanied by several attendants, reached the spot. Although they did not immediately recognize Demetrius, who now lay senseless on the ground, they attacked the assassins with

such vigour, as compelled one to instant flight, and forced the other to throw aside his weapon and implore their mercy. The Count immediately consigned him to the charge of his attendants, and then, with the assistance of the Russian, raised the apparently lifeless body from the ground, and, with horrour inexpressible, discovered the pale countenance of Demetrius. He immediately summoned the domestics belonging to the palace of Sendomir, who entreated him to allow them to convey Demetrius thither, that his wound might receive immediate attention. Count Wiesnovitski, apprehensive of alarming the Princess, at first hesitated to comply with this request; but observing that the slightest movement made the blood flow from the Prince's wound, he permitted them to bear him towards the grand saloon, from whence they informed him the Princess was retired. The Count was inexpressibly shocked, at his entrance, on perceiving Marina, and beholding the effect which the sight of his wounded friend produced on her. She was con-

veyed by her female attendants to her own apartment, and the most careful assiduities employed to restore her to recollection.

Count Wiesnovitski, in the meantime, had placed Demetrius on a couch, and unclosed his vest to examine the wound, from which the blood now appeared to flow with lessened violence. While thus employed, the diamond cross, which had been placed on his neck by the Czarina, and which Demetrius had worn since it had been re-delivered to him by the prior, attracted the attention of the Count, and, removing it from his neck, lest it might interfere with his examination of the wound; he gave it to the Russian, who carelessly laid it aside, and proceeded to assist the Count in staunching the wound of Demetrius. In a few minutes he unclosed his eyes, and breathed a deep and heavy sigh. The Count, transported with delight at symptoms of returning animation, addressed a few anxious and affectionate enquiries to him; but Deme-

trius, after gazing around for a moment, again closed his eyes, while an expression of anguish passed across his countenance. Count Wiesnovitski now raised him from his recumbent posture, and supporting him in his arms, requested the Russian to administer to him a cordial, which had been prepared by the domestics of the palace. The Prince's head rested for support on the shoulder of Count Wiesnovitski; his dishevelled hair strayed over his pallid brow; his unbuttoned vest disclosed his neck and blood-stained garments; in the desolation of his whole aspect, the late gay and blooming Demetrius could with difficulty be recognized. As the Russian approached with the cordial, and was conveying it to his lips, his altered appearance struck him with a degree of horror, almost more powerful than its occasion seemed to justify. "What a fearful change! what an apalling sight!" he wildly exclaimed. The Count, from a species of feeling which rendered it acutely painful to hear another remark what he too forcibly

felt calmly to hear or to notice, snatched the goblet from the Russian, and endeavoured to induce Demetrius to swallow its contents. The Russian, meantime, regardless of this action, continued gazing on Demetrius.

"What a powerful, what a mysterious resemblance!" he exclaimed; then suddenly approaching him, he drew his vest yet further aside, and bent down to examine the shoulder he exposed. "This cannot be delusion! this cannot be the effect of accident!" he said, clasping his hands, as if in token of gratitude, while tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "It is, it must be, Prince Demetrius of Russia!"

The Count, at this exclamation, raised his eyes from the countenance of his friend, and with his accustomed self possession, addressed the Russian; "Whatever this scene implies," said he, "and of whatever importance be the discovery you have made, at present there is but

one object which requires our immediate attention,—the restoration of Demetrius; any sudden surprise, or strong emotion may be attended with the most fatal consequences. Whatever circumstances therefore, you may wish to learn or to disclose, let us forbear at present to communicate. In a short period, we shall be enabled to satisfy our mutual doubts and curiosity."

This speech restored the Russian to apparent composure, and again approaching Demetrius, he lent his aid to assist in his recovery. He once more unclosed his eyes, and soon was sufficiently restored to be enabled to reply to the Count's anxious enquiries; with the assistance of the domestics, he was conveyed to a couch, prepared for him, in an apartment of the palace; and the Count, in a few hours, had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding that he had fallen into a gentle slumber. This intelligence he communicated to the Princess, who had now recovered from her swoon; and having in some measure calmed her apprehensions

by an assurance, that the Prince's wound was not dangerous, and that his death-like appearance had been solely occasioned by the sudden effusion of blood, he quitted her, with the entreaty, that she would endeavour to procure some repose, and hastened to the saloon, where he had requested the Russian noble to remain during his absence.

Count Wiesnovitski found him intently examining the diamond cross, which had been taken from the neck of Demetrius.

"This cross," said the Russian, extending it towards him as he approached, "this cross was placed by the hand of the Czarina Feodorofna, around the neck of her son, before she consigned him to my care. You gaze upon me with astonishment," continued he, "but not with apprehension; for he, who once hazarded his life to preserve that of his Prince, is not an object to be regarded with dread or with distrust." The proud expression

of conscious integrity diffused itself over his countenance. "Forgive me," said the Count, "those precautions, whose inutility I am now so happily convinced of, and attribute them to their true cause,—the anxiety of friendship."

"I do more than forgive, I admire and esteem the motive which induced you to adopt them; but, at present let us mutually throw aside all useless reserve, and explain by what strange coincidence of events the Prince of Russia and the Count Wiesnovitski have thus encountered."

The Count immediately, in compliance with the wish thus intimated, proceeded to relate all the circumstances connected with the fate of Demetrius, with which he was himself acquainted. With all the energy of friendship, and the eloquence of feeling, he dwelt on his virtues, his courage, and his genius; he spoke of the ardent hope cherished by the Prince of recovering the throne of his an-

cestors; of the sanction these hopes had received by the solemn engagement entered into between himself and the Princess of Sendomir. He spoke of the Palatine's intention of requesting the King to convoke the diet, for the purpose of laying before them the claims of Demetrius to the crown of Russia, and of imploring their assistance to enable him to obtain it. "You, who so fully estimate the character of one, whom it is my pride, as well as my pleasure, to call by the endearing title of friend," continued the Count, "have discovered the dawn of that genius, whose meridian splendour promises to dazzle and to astonish the world. His ambition is so boundless, his views are so vast, his ideas so exalted, his energies so unwearied, that I sometimes dread this very enthusiasm and genius, which are formed to raise him even above the dignity of a monarch—to the rank of a hero, may dazzle his judgment, and mislead his conduct, by inflaming him with hopes which cannot be realized, or urging him

to designs beyond the power of man to execute."

"This excess of ardour," rejoined Count Galitzin, "is the errour of youth, an errour which experience soon corrects, or prudence conceals. The character of the Prince is such as must bestow, not receive, honour from any station, however exalted. Oh! with what transport do I anticipate the period, when the enemy of his house, the murderer of his brother, shall tremble beneath his avenging arm!

"The circumstances," resumed he, after a short pause, "preceding my delivering Demetrius into the hands of the prior of St. Michael's convent, you are already acquainted with. The Czarina had engaged me, by a solemn promise, not to undertake any enterprise, which might endanger the life of Demetrius, by disclosing my knowledge of his preservation to any human being. The fate of Feodor had inspired the Czarina with a

timidity and weakness, not natural to her character, and, in this instance, the ambition of the Princess yielded to the fears of the mother. I gave a reluctant acquiescence to her request, and contented myself with occasionally making enquiries relative to the health and welfare of the young Prince, and communicating the intelligence I procured to the Czarina, the severity of whose confinement I sincerely commiserated. I found it difficult, nay rather I should say, impossible, to conceal my indignation, when I beheld the triumphant Boris, contaminated with the blood of his sovereign, elevated to his throne. Oh, how severely did I repent the promise, which the fears of the Czarina had extorted from me! Without implicating the life of Demetrius, however, in my enterprise, it appeared possible to induce the Russians to rebel against their tyrant, whose treatment of their late Czarina seemed to justify me in making the attempt. I *did* make it; but my endeavours were detected, my person was secured, and for eight years I languished

in captivity. The means by which I escaped the tyrant's power are too tedious to recapitulate. I had powerful friends in Sweden; by them I was persuaded to enter, under a feigned title, into the Swedish service. During this period, I frequently endeavoured to make enquiries into the fate of the Prince; and for this purpose, dispatched several messengers to the convent of St. Michael; but the state of warfare, which existed between the two countries, obliged them to return without having succeeded in arriving at the place of their destination. When it was my fate to be made captive by the hand of my Prince, his resemblance to his noble family struck me, even amidst that scene of carnage and confusion. His appearance and graceful address, on his entrance into the tent, nearly overcame me with surprise. He unites in his person the majestic deportment of Ivan, the grace of the Czarina, and the peculiar sweetness of expression which characterized the unfortunate Feodor. There was an appearance of interest in *his* manner,

and of alarm in *yours*, when I expressed my astonishment, and enquired his title, which excited my curiosity, and induced me (independently of the strong attachment I had already conceived towards him) to comply with your request of accompanying you to this city. When I beheld the Prince, stretched pale and inanimate upon the couch, his resemblance to Feodor (when sinking gradually under the influence of the poison, administered by Boris,—he had, in the absence of the tyrant, who suspected not the discovery of his guilt, communicated to me the fatal secret) overpowered me with the conviction that it was Demetrius himself whom I beheld. I, as you witnessed, rushed towards him, for the purpose of discovering whether he still bore on his shoulder the marks of a wound accidentally received during his infancy. The scar was still visible; and neither the testimony of this cross, or the narrative you have but now related, were requisite to confirm my belief that it was Demetrius, the descendant of Ivan, the lawful sove-

reign of Russia, whom I beheld. I shall not, by affording my evidence to assist the Prince's views, deem myself infringing the promise made to the Czarina; for at the head of an army, Demetrius will have less to apprehend from the open indignation of Boris, than at present, from his secret machinations. Had you not assured me the Prince's secret was known but to yourself, and those most interested in preserving it, I should not have hesitated to attribute the attack, so lately made on him, to some emissary of the tyrant's."

Count Wiesnovitski scarcely admitted the possibility of this conjecture, but allowed that it was of importance to ascertain, from the wounded assassin, the motives of his conduct. For the purpose of making this enquiry, the Counts Wiesnovitski and Galitzin (after leaving directions with the attendants respecting Demetrius, and learning that the Princess having visited his chamber, and convinced herself that the Count's information was just, had retired to her own apartment,

with an intention of taking some repose,) quitted the palace of Sendomir, to repair to that of Wiesnovitski, where another scene of wonder and explanation awaited them.

They found the wounded man overpowered with the agonies of pain and remorse. No difficulty attended their endeavours to induce him to make an ample confession of his views and his employer.

He was a Russian soldier, who had, in consequence of the severe chastisement which had been inflicted upon him, for some trifling offence, fled from his country, and entered into the service of Poland. Here he continued for several years; but the insults and reproaches of his comrades, added to an ardent desire to revisit his native country, rendered him the victim of sullen despondency. The dread of being apprehended and chastised for his desertion, should he return to Russia, detained him in Po-

land; but, restless and repining, the contempt he received was returned by hatred, not merely of his immediate associates, but of mankind at large. It was at this period that, while on guard upon the ramparts of Wadislaw, he overheard the conversation which passed between Count Wiesnovitski and Demetrius. He attended with eagerness and amazement to the secrets it revealed, and every loyal and every generous sentiment extinguished within him, the only idea that occurred was, to benefit himself by this unexpected discovery.

Believing that he had not observed the person of Demetrius with sufficient accuracy, and anxious to obtain a perfect knowledge of his face and figure, he had, on the succeeding morning, disguised himself in the habit of a mendicant, and, while detaining Demetrius, under the pretence of expressing his gratitude, indelibly imprinted on his memory the lineaments of his countenance; he learnt also, at the same time, from some of his attend-

ants, the rank he possessed, and the title by which he was known, his engagement with the Princess Sendomir, and every other particular which it was requisite for his purpose to obtain. Possessed of this information, the hopes of the immense reward he might receive from Boris, determined him on immediately escaping into Russia, and revealing to him all the circumstances he was acquainted with.

This intention he effected, and Boris overcome with astonishment and alarm at the communication of a story he found it difficult to discredit, from the improbability attached to the idea of its fabrication, entered into an agreement with Koslof, that when he should either deliver Demetrius alive into his power, or bring him undoubted testimony of his death, he should receive the stipulated reward.

Koslof immediately acceded to this proposal, and returned, accompanied by another emissary of the tyrant, into Po-

land. Here he learnt that the army was on the point of returning to Cracow, whither he determined to hasten, to carry his designs into execution with the greater security. On his arrival he informed himself of every circumstance relative to Demetrius; he learnt his custom of frequenting the palace of Sendomir, unguarded and alone; and this information suggested the plan which he and his companions executed. The return of Demetrius was uncertain; they had already waited for his arrival several nights preceding that on which he had presented himself at the portal.

The moon shed a bright radiance over his whole figure; Koslof instantly recognised, and discovered him, as he believed, wholly unarmed, for the small sword he wore was concealed beneath his vest. This was an opportunity too favourable to be neglected; by a signal agreed on, he communicated his intention to his compan

ion, and at the same moment he rushed upon the unprepared Demetrius.

The two Counts listened to this recital with a mixture of surprise, horrour, and gratitude. If Koslof, of which little doubt existed, could be prevailed on to relate these circumstances in the assembly of the diet, it must essentially benefit the cause of Demetrius; for, by discovering the tyrant's apprehensions of the Prince's claims, it also fully disclosed his conviction of their justice. Count Wiesnovitski, anxious for a time at least, to preserve the life of Koslof, commanded that every attention should be paid to his wounds; and, in order to calm his apprehensions, and to secure his fidelity, assured him of an unconditional pardon from his generous Prince. The tears which filled the eyes of the hapless wretch at this declaration, evinced that his guilt had been rather the offspring of circumstance than of nature.

The two noblemen completely overpowered by the fatigue they had endured from their rapid journey, added to that they had incurred during this eventful night, retired to their respective apartments, and, for a few hours, resigned themselves to that tranquil repose which Heaven sheds over the slumbers of virtue and philanthropy.

CHAP. VII.

"We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer's head.

Yes monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears which from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, and hopes, and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweeter than all."

Moore's Irish Melodies.

When Demetrius awoke from his balmy and refreshing sleep, no immediate consciousness of the events which had occurred in the past night presented itself to his remembrance. That sensation which he had experienced for so many preceding mornings, (before his ideas were sufficiently collected to give it an image or an aim,) of having some important motive for exertion, now induced him to attempt rising from his couch. An oppressive sense of weakness seemed to enchain him

to it; while the pain of his wound which this slight movement induced, instantly recalled to his recollection the circumstance which had occasioned it. He gazed around to discover where he was now situated; the curtains of his couch concealed the view of the apartment; but he heard the gentle movements and perceived the slender form of some female through its foldings. He extended his hand to draw them aside, and his eye rested on the Princess of Sendomir, who at this moment had entered the apartment, and advancing to the couch, was listening, with the tenderest solicitude, to the deep yet rapid respirations of Demetrius, when he suddenly unclosed the curtain, and extended his hand towards her. His altered countenance (for though his eyes sparkled with love and joy, his cheek's bright gloom was faded to the hue of death,) conveyed a pang of anguish to the heart of Marina, and her tears fell on the hand of her lover.

Demetrius endeavoured to soothe her by the assurance that in a short period

his wound would be completely healed, and his health re-established; but, as he spoke, the tones of his voice so tremulous, so feeble, so changed from the deep full accents with which he had last addressed her, melted her soul with pity and tenderness; her tears flowed with encreased violence. Suddenly, however, struck with the idea that this betrayal of apprehension, by exciting a corresponding emotion in the breast of Demetrius, might prove essentially injurious to him, she checked her falling tears, and, suppressing her feelings, answered his soothing address by a smile so sweet and touching, that he, who had been intently regarding her countenance, and, by the changes it expressed, developed the train of her feelings, thought he had never, in her brightest days of health and happiness, beheld her so exquisitely lovely. The Counts Galitzin and Wiesnovitski, soon entered the apartment, and expressed their satisfaction at the accounts they had received from his attendants, of the profound repose Demetrius had enjoyed; "But," ad-

ded Count Wiesnovitski with an arch smile, "with a guardian angel to watch over your slumbers, who could doubt their charm or their efficacy."

A blush passed across the cheeks of the Princess, and she cast a reproachful glance at the Count, as if to upbraid him for the gaiety of his address.

I understand the expression of your countenance, Lady," continued the Count, "and the censure it implies; but, believe me, it is not deserved. If the life of my friend were in danger, mirth would alike be banished from my manner and my mind; but my own knowledge, combined with the assurance of your skillful Samocia, has convinced me that the wound of Demetrius, although it may be tedious, will not be dangerous. At present, as we are going to enter on its examination, and as those days, in which fair damsels staunched the blood, and bound up the wounds of their heroic suitors, are no longer in existence, we must, for a while,

banish you from this apartment, in the meantime, although we neglect one custom in repute amongst our ancestors, this nobleman may, for your amusement, have recourse to another, and having been made captive by the arm of Prince Demetrius of Russia, may at the feet of his peerless lady, describe the wonders of his matchless valour, together with all the marvellous events, relative to his fate, with which time and chance have made him acquainted."

This speech excited a degree of surprise in the minds of its auditors; but Marina, relieved by the assurance it conveyed of the Prince's safety, with her wonted grace and sweetness, addressed Count Galitzin, and requested him to accompany her to the saloon; he complied, and, judging from the Count's speech, that he desired the Princess to be informed of all the events which had been disclosed on the late night, proceeded to relate them. Ah! if they could have insured Demetrius the possession of his throne,

without braving the dangers he must yet encounter to obtain it, how unmixed would have been the delight experienced by Marina, at the certainty that his rank and lineage would now be publicly acknowledged! But, deeming it almost criminal to dwell on painful anticipations, amidst so many causes for present gratitude, she strove to repress the fears which, like clouds flitting across the clear blue sky, sometimes tempered the ardour of her hopes.

Count Galitzin, as he listened to her remarks on his narrative—remarks, which alike evinced the strength of her understanding, and the tenderness of her feelings, anticipated the blessings his country would experience beneath the reign of Demetrius and his Czarina, and indulged his imagination in dreams of future prosperity, more congenial to the warm fancy of youth than the sober feelings of age.

Count Wiesnovitski, meantime, having examined the Prince's wound, and

thinking him sufficiently composed to attend to a similar narrative, gradually and cautiously informed him of the mutual discoveries which had been made, during the few preceding hours. Demetrius listened to his recital with infinite satisfaction; the regard he had conceived for Count Galitzin, rendered the reserve he had continued to maintain towards him, painful to his feelings; to learn, that there no longer existed any necessity for the reserve, and that he, whom he already regarded with esteem, was entitled to his gratitude, gave inexpressible pleasure to his ardent and grateful heart.

Demetrius anxiously desired to converse with Count Galitzin respecting his mother, to learn every circumstance relative to the fate of one, whose remembrance, though sometimes overpowered by stronger, or more tumultuous emotions than those of filial affection, was never wholly effaced; and which, when forcibly presented by any unexpected occurrence to his imagination, still retained all

the charm it once possessed, when constituting his only solace, amidst the dull round of a conventual life.

Demetrius perceived, with the Count, the immediate necessity, since Boris was now acquainted with his existence, of imploring the assistance of the Poles, and openly asserting his claims to the throne of Russia. The love of glory was at once strengthened and softened by his passion for Marina, which, combining with every other emotion, with every other desire, spread over his soul that delicious glow of feeling, which, like the purple colouring of evening, at once diffuses harmony and splendour over the objects it irradiates.

During the period which intervened before the arrival of the troops, the rapid recovery of Demetrius no longer left any occasion for apprehension, even in the breast of Marina; but it permitted many opportunities for the display of those tender attentions, those watchful assidu-

ities, so inexpressibly sweet, when bestowed by, or received from, those we love. To anticipate the wishes of the asking eye, to express by a word, or a look, the full extent of our sympathy, to devote ourselves to the *service*, if we tremble for the *fate*, of the beloved sufferer, is the strongest necessity of the heart; but becomes its dearest gratification, when apprehension has given place to hope. We delight to feel sanctioned in the expression of that excess of regard, which, even where relative ties seem to authorize its avowal, is seldom fully displayed when profoundly felt. Sweet, permanent, reciprocal, is the impression which this interchange of kindness and gratitude leaves upon the memory; and as the distant tricklings of the rivulet which has allayed the thirst, or the soft tremblings of the moon-beam which has lightened the home-sheltered traveller on his way, excite pleasurable sensations in his breast; so does the touch of that hand which administered to our wants; so do the tones of that voice which

soothed, the glance of that eye which sympathized with our sufferings, inspire, even when the period of suffering is past, emotions at once sweet and profound, tender and enthusiastic. The Princess and Demetrius had experienced more vivid sensations of pleasure in the society of each other; but they had never so entirely felt, that where love reigns, it reigns over every other feeling. The ambition, the energies of Demetrius slumbered; the apprehensions of Marina were forgotten; all else was forgotten in the exquisite delight, with which, from day to day, she watched the dawn of health, stealing over her lover's cheek, or marked it break in the keen flashes of his eye.

This sweet, but transient period drew towards its conclusion. The Palatine returned to Cracow. Demetrius acquainted him with the events which had occurred since their separation; and he immediately expressed his anxiety to have the Prince's claims laid before the diet of Poland. Koslof was recovering from the

effects of his wounds, and declared himself prepared to give the testimony required of him. The King was returned to Cracow; the principal nobility of the kingdom were already assembled there; the army was not yet disbanded; every thing conspired to render this a favourable moment for claiming the assistance of Poland.

The soul of Demetrius was again inspired by ambition; that of Marina again sunk with apprehension; accustomed of late to behold him alone occupied with herself, with giving or receiving proofs of affection, she felt inclined to repine at the prospect of his engaging in more active scenes, where, although she might be the ultimate aim of his hopes, she could no longer be their immediate object. Such feelings we always endeavour to conceal from others, frequently from ourselves; they are severely condemned by those who reason, rather than feel, but they are pitied, and perhaps beloved by

those who have ever experienced similar weaknesses.

The Palatine, determining not to permit a longer period to elapse, before the secret of Demetrius was publicly divulged, requested an audience of the King. Sigismund listened to the narrative he made, with the interest it was calculated to create. The advantages which might result to Poland, from having the throne of Russia occupied by a Prince, who would be bound by every tie of honour and gratitude to an alliance with it, rather than by a despot who, on all occasions, evinced his hatred and contempt for the Polish nation, could not escape the politic mind of Sigismund, and influenced him in the favourable answer he returned to the request of the Palatine, "that the diet might be immediately convoked, and the claims of Demetrius publicly discussed, in the presence, and by the members, of that august assembly.

A day was appointed, and a proclamation issued for this purpose: but, in the

manifesto despatched to the different provinces, although the desire of the King for this extraordinary convocation was particularly declared, the motive which induced him to request it was not divulged.

Cracow soon became the centre of attraction. Some were drawn thither by curiosity, others by interest, others by necessity; but the cause of all this agitation still remained a profound mystery; nor was a single member of the diet, at their entrance into the council-hall, in possession of the cause which had brought him thither. Various were the conjectures formed and rejected, the opinions declared and disputed, the discoveries made and retracted, during the interval between the assembling of the members, and the entrance of the King. Sigismund at length appeared, accompanied by the Palatine of Sendomir, and followed by Demetrius and the Counts Galitzin and Wiesnovitski. The Monarch ascended his throne, while the noblemen mingled with the surrounding throng.

An universal silence reigned throughout the assembly, as their sovereign thus addressed them: "Primates, palatines, and nobles of Poland, you are here assembled on an occasion, no less remarkable than it is important; you are here assembled to investigate the merits of a cause, which, not alone concerns the happiness of a few individuals, but which involves the future fate and welfare of a nation; of a cause, to which deliberation must be succeeded by action; which, if it receive acquiescence, will also require assistance. I forbear, in compliance with the desire of him most deeply interested in the issue of your investigations, any attempt to influence *your* opinions, by declaring *my own;* assured, that they will be formed with wisdom and impartiality, no less than they will be declared with candour and courage. Demetrius of Russia, at once the pleader and the object of this cause advance."—The nobles directed their enquiring glances around, to discover the one amongst them who was thus designated and summoned by their mon-

arch. They remained not long in suspense.

Demetrius advanced into the centre of the circle which surrounded the throne. His countenance still retained the impression of his recent illness, and an air of languor appeared in his movements; yet the grace of these movements was not diminished, or the expression of that countenance impaired. By those nobles, to whom he was personally unknown, he was viewed with surprise and admiration; by those who had been his companions in the court, or in the camp, he was regarded with curiosity and interest.

The full conviction of the immense interests depending upon the decision of that august assembly, whom he was on the point of addressing; the profound silence which reigned throughout the council-hall, for a moment, gave an air of timidity and irresolution to the manner of Demetrius. He threw a rapid glance around; his eye rested on the countenances of his

friends, of Count Galitzin, of Wiesnovitski, of the Palatine of Sendomir; the sight inspired him with confidence—restored him to self-possession. With a smile, which spoke assurance of success, he answered their anxious and enquiring looks; and, while a faint colour tinged his cheek, as he first interrupted the solemn stillness, he commenced the disclosure of his rank, and the narrative of his misfortunes. He related the murder of Feodor, his own preservation from the machinations of Boris, and the consequent imprisonment of the Czarina; the discovery of his rank, made to him by the prior of St. Michael's convent; his departure from thence, and arrival at Cracow. He then dwelt on the generous protection and subsequent friendship of Count Wiesnovitski, and the parental regard of the Palatine of Sendomir, while the grateful feelings of his heart gave additional sweetness to his smile, and pathos to his voice. He paused—overcome with strong emotion, and glanced his eye around, as if to discover the effect his narrative had produced.

His recital, made with all the simplicity of truth, yet with all the eloquence of genius, deeply interested the assembled nobles. Exclamations of surprise, of curiosity, of horror at the crimes of Boris, of compassion for the misfortunes of Demetrius, resounded through the hall; but they were mingled with the tones of doubt, of distrust, or of enquiry; these were not unregarded by the Prince.

"Nay, think not, nobles of Poland!" he exclaimed, while the pride of conscious rectitude gave additional firmness to his voice, and dignity to his mien, "think not, that I appear before this august assembly, a mere asserter of a claim, whose justice it is not in my power to prove. I come, not to excite a cold and half withdrawn belief of an unsupported tale, but a full conviction of acknowledged and decisive facts, to claim, not compassion for my *fate*, but recognition of my *rights*."

Demetrius then requested Count Galitzin to advance from amongst the nobles;

he complied, and approached the throne of Sigismund. His venerable and dignified aspect excited the respect, and his impressive manner commanded the attention of the nobles, as he proceeded to relate all the circumstances respecting the fate of Demetrius, with which he had been so intimately connected. The cross which had been fastened round his neck by the Czarina, the impression which he still retained of the wound received in his infancy, his striking resemblance to his imperial ancestors, were all noticed. No circumstance however trivial, or event however minute, was omitted by Count Galitzin, which could confirm the narrative related by Demetrius. He concluded this address by making a solemn asseveration, that in the person of him now before them, they beheld the lineal descendant of Ivan, the lawful Czar of the Russian empire. A burst of entire and universal conviction proceeded from the assembly. The friends of Demetrius and the nobles of Poland approached to congratulate him.

"Yet a little while," said he, as a beam of gratitude and satisfaction illumined his countenance, "yet a little while, must I demand your further attention to the confession of one who will prove that the reality of my rights are believed by my enemies, as well as by my friends."

Sigismund then dispatched his guards for Koslof, who was borne by them in a litter into the centre of the assembly. The nobles thronged eagerly around him, as, with a feeble voice, he related the recent events which had occurred respecting Demetrius. His confession could not be doubted; it was that of a dying man; and it evinced that Boris not only believed the existence of Demetrius, but, that the Prince had every thing to apprehend from his machinations. Koslof, after receiving an entire pardon for his past offences, was removed from the hall, and again borne to Count Wiesnovitski's palace, where, after languishing for some days, he expired, with the satisfaction of hav-

ing made this most necessary expiation for his crimes.

For some moments after Koslof's removal from the hall, all was tumult and astonishment, congratulation and alarm. The singularity and importance of the events disclosed, the strong personal interest excited by the appearance and address of Demetrius created the most tumultuous emotions throughout the assembly.

At length Sigismund arose from his throne, and in a loud voice demanded the attention of the nobles. A sudden silence pervaded the hall. "Your conviction, nobles," said the King, "of the truth of that recital and those events which have been made known to you, is sufficiently displayed by this general expression of your feelings; it will, I trust, be equally evinced by the unanimous agreement of your conduct. By avenging the cause of this unfortunate Prince, by restoring him to the throne of his an-

cestors, you will be defending the rights of humanity."

A shout of applause and consent re-echoed through the hall.

"Deeply," continued the King, "do I lament my own inability to aid, to the extent of my inclinations, the cause of the Russian Prince. The crown troops, so lately employed in my service, and but now disbanded, require an interval of repose. This accorded, they shall be employed against the tyrant Boris. In the meantime, palatines and nobles! whose swords have ever yet been swift to avenge the injuries of the oppressor, and the wrongs of the oppressed, be it at once your glory and your pride, to lead forth your vassals in support of a cause, so eminently calculated to excite to generous feeling—to stimulate to heroic action."

The monarch ceased, and the Palatine of Sendomir, secretly displeased at the declaration he had made of his own

inability to afford any present assistance to the Prince, remained silent and thoughtful; but Demetrius, ever more prone to feel gratitude for favours conferred, than resentment for benefits withheld, repaid with the most ardent acknowledgments, the congratulations addressed, and the promises made him by the nobility.

"Nobles of Poland!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "may this moment never be erased from my remembrance—this moment, in which you so generously accord your support to one, whose very means of repaying this support, if such a period should arrive, he will have received from yourselves. Oh, never be an hour so glorious to the nobility of Poland forgotten by Demetrius! Yet deem it not presumptuous," continued he, while the fire of his eye, and the crimson of his cheek spoke the exalted feelings of his soul, "if I assert that this period will indeed arrive. It cannot be that tyranny will forever be triumphant; it cannot be that a spirit panting, by its daring deeds, to

prove its illustrious descent, will forever be destined to obscurity! Oh, my friends! for by that title have you now authorized me to address you, when you shall behold Demetrius seated on the throne of Russia, and surrounded by his people, you will recall the prophetic spirit which inspired him in the diet chamber of Poland, before the throne of Sigismund."

Enthusiasm, which in another might have been regarded as extravagance, in Demetrius seemed but the ebullition of a genius which, conscious of its powers, feared not to display them; it accorded with the character of his whole person, with the vivid expression of his eye, the varying colours of his cheek, the animation of his gestures, the dignity of his form; all spoke him a being, whether to rise or fall with fortune, destined for grand exploits—destined for the hero's career.

The nobles now engaged in a discussion on the number of forces it would be in their respective power to collect, and

the probable period of their being prepared for action. The Palatine of Sendomir and Count Wiesnovitski joined with equal interest, though not with equal enthusiasm to Demetrius, in the discussion.

Sigismund, meantime, congratulated himself on perceiving that the cause of Demetrius would be assisted; without any immediate expenditure of troops or treasure to the crown of Poland, whose interests, by the nature of the constitution, were separated from those of the nobles.

At length, after long debates and various resolutions, it was determined that those nobles, who agreed to take up arms in the Prince's cause, should, at the commencement of the ensuing month, with their respective troops repair to Grodno, (a more eligible station for a general rendezvous of the forces than Cracow,) and that they should there be joined by Demetrius with the Palatine's vassals.

The purpose for which the diet had been convoked being now accomplished,

Sigismund dissolved it; and the younger part of the nobility, enthusiastic in the cause of Demetrius, accompanied him, in a sort of triumphal procession, towards the palace of Sendomir.

The wonderful events which had been disclosed in the council-hall, and which it was no longer requisite to conceal, were rapidly spread throughout the city. All ranks, all eyes, seemed to catch the enthusiasm which the history of Demetrius had created in the diet, and hastened to behold the descendant of Ivan, the exiled Czar of Russia. The graces of his person, the sweetness of his manner, as he smilingly surveyed the crowd who thus thronged to behold him, added to the interest already excited; and he, who on his first entrance into Cracow, had passed through this very city, as an obscure and unknown individual, now excited universal attention and respect. Demetrius felt however that this interest had originated in his misfortune, rather than his merits; and though it reflected honour

on those who bestowed, did not confer glory on him, who received it. His thoughts glanced forward to the arrival of that period when he should obtain distinctions which he had deserved, when amidst the streets of Moscow, he should hear the shouts, he should receive the blessings of his gratulating people: but anticipation of future glory was banished by the emotions of present bliss, when, on his approach to the palace of Sendomir, he beheld his beloved Marina.

The interval of his absence had been to her an interval of the deepest anxiety. The certainty that the fate of the Prince depended upon the decision of the diet; the knowledge that this decision, even if favourable, would for a time separate her from Demetrius, and plunge him amidst scenes of toil and danger, excited fears and hopes, the most fluctuating and tumultuous. To wander from room to room, to dispatch messenger after messenger to the council-hall, from which, however, as they were excluded from enter-

ing, she could only learn that the diet was not dissolved; to watch the progress of time, as it was traced on the dial-plate, or to mark it in the course of the sun, formed the employment of Marina, during the tedious hours whilst the diet remained in consultation. At length, the sound of the approaching multitude was heard; the tones they uttered were those of triumph, or congratulation. The diet had recognized the claims of Demetrius. It was a conviction attended with mixed emotions; which gratified the pride of the Princess, but excited the fears of the woman. Exultation, hope, and joy, however, reigned in her soul, when she beheld Demetrius advance from the surrounding nobles, to the palace of Sendomir. The animation of his eye, the brightness of his smile, the grace of his action, as he waved his arm in token of gratitude and farewell to the crowd, who had accompanied him to the palace gates, were noted by the eye, and engraven on the memory of Marina. As he drew nearer, he directed his regards to the palace, and en-

countered the glance of the Princess. He hastily advanced to the portal, and the next moment beheld him in her apartment.

Marina approached to welcome him with a smile of congratulation on her lips, and a tear of apprehension in her eye. He seized her hand with rapture, and pressed it alternately to his lips and to his heart.

"You anticipate the entire acknowledgment of my claims," he said; "the complete success of my application; you see it in the excess of my joy—of my exultation. Oh, my beloved! this is but the prelude of a greater joy, a greater triumph, when the people of Russia shall acknowledge me as their Monarch, and receive thee as the chosen of my heart, the sovereign of my subjects.

"Ah, Demetrius," said Marina, while the emotions of apprehensive love gave a soft and pensive air to her countenance,

"Ah, Demetrius! but before that period can arrive, what perils must you not encounter!" "What glory may I not acquire!" replied Demetrius. "Banish these vain forebodings of evil, which every presentiment of my heart assures me will prove as unpredictive of our future fate, as they are destructive to our present enjoyment."

Marina endeavoured to repress those fears which she agreed with Demetrius in condemning as vain, though she could not, like him, consider them as groundless.

Demetrius now became the grand object of all interest, the theme of all discourse, the centre of all attraction. He severely lamented the few intervals allowed him for the enjoyment of Marina's society, between the preparations for his departure, and the public and splendid scenes, in which he found himself perpetually compelled to engage. The death of Koslof at this period attracted his atten-

tion to a more solemn and awful scene; he expired, deeply penitent for the crimes he had committed, and expressing, with his last breath, his strong and grateful sentiments of the generous forgiveness extended, and attention paid him, by his Prince.

The preparations for war making throughout Poland, and the motive for which it was undertaken, were soon learnt by the surrounding nations; and reaching the alarmed and guilty Boris, created a powerful sensation among his subjects. The tyrant, terrified at these rumours, propagated the most absurd and contradictory reports concerning Demetrius; he asserted that he was an impostor, a magician, a monk; that a true descendant of Ivan Vassilievitch would never have allied himself with a nation of catholics and heretics. Every suggestion, calculated to impair the interest which the Russians were disposed to feel towards Demetrius, was disseminated by Boris, without attention to its justice or probability.

In the meantime, he instituted a secret enquiry into the circumstances of the supposed murder of the infant Demetrius. The assassins employed by him on this occasion had been destroyed by the populace at Uglitz. Prince Vassili was the only person now in existence who had seen the dead body of the infant; and when Boris made enquiries of him on the subject, he declared that, though the child appeared of the same age and size as Demetrius, the corpse was too much disfigured to leave a possibility of ascertaining it. As he alone, however, was aware of this circumstance, he promised to make any affirmation required of him, to convince the people of Russia that the dead body, which he had examined at Uglitz, was indeed that of the Prince. Every thing confirmed to Boris the tale which Koslof had related to him, and the return of his other emissary into Russia acquainted him with the failure of their attack on the Prince.

Boris next determined to repair to the monastery where the Czarina was confined, and endeavour to compel her by threats, or induce her by promises, to reveal all the circumstances with which she was acquainted.

The report of the Prince's existence, and the preparations making throughout Poland for the invasion of Russia, in order to place its lawful sovereign on the throne of his ancestors, had not penetrated the walls of the cloister in which the Czarina was imprisoned. Her surprise therefore equalled her alarm at the unexpected demands of Boris; and the strong emotion she betrayed, convinced the tyrant that she was acquainted with, and had most probably been accessary to, the Prince's preservation. Irritated at this belief, he proceeded to question her more sternly than before; and the Czarina, overcome with apprehension, scarcely knowing whether the disclosure or concealment of the circumstances she was acquainted with, would most conduce to

her son's danger or preservation, burst into a flood of tears, sunk upon a seat, and concealed her face with her hands, as if to exclude the prospect of the tyrant before her. The artful Boris then endeavoured to soothe her, by promises of freedom, and restoration to her former rank. The Czarina remained silent.

"Your answer is of little importance to myself," continued Boris, "but of infinite concern to him who now claims the throne of Russia. If you persevere in your refusal to give me all the information in your power, my vengeance shall unremittingly pursue, shall finally overtake him, nor rest till it is quenched in his blood—till it is satiated with his dying groans."

The tyrant expressed the wishes of his soul, while his dark contracted brow gave an air of ferocity, and his flashing eye an expression of triumph to his countenance. To the disordered imagination of the Czarina he seemed already to have executed

the vengeance he described, and to glory in its final success.

"Oh, Heaven!" she wildly exclaimed, could not then my efforts prevail—could nothing save my child, my only child, from the hand of this murderer?"

"You did then seek to save him?" demanded Boris eagerly, hoping to make some discovery, during the present confused and appalled state of her mind; but the question restoring her to self-possession, and to her former state of calm despondency, determined her that she at least would not by any unguarded confession, contribute to the destruction of one she hoped, yet feared, might indeed be her son, her beloved Demetrius.

Boris, after finding every effort ineffectual to induce her to a full confession of those circumstances respecting the Prince, of which he now felt persuaded she was well informed, suddenly conceived the idea of proposing that she should, if

convinced herself of her son's death, make a declaration to this purpose, which he might publish throughout the Russian empire; and which, by freeing him from the apprehension of his subjects being misled by the claims of the pretended Demetrius, would also deliver from the pursuit of his vengeance, an impostor, whom he should then peaceably resign to that oblivion, which would soon overtake both himself and his pretensions.

This proposal was exactly calculated to produce an effect on the timid mind of the Czarina. The life of her son might yet be preserved; and this had ever been the grand object of her care. She felt inclined to comply with this demand; when the idea of the weak, the cruel appearance, such a declaration would wear to her son, who, unacquainted with the motives which dictated, would attribute it to a selfish regard for her own safety, not to a maternal tenderness for his, rendered her firm in her refusal. Boris, finding every attempt to induce her compli-

ance with his wishes, fail of success, quitted her, in the full conviction that he who now aspired to the throne of Russia, was indeed its lawful sovereign. The unfortunate Czarina retired to her cell, agitated by doubt, distracted by fear. The acute misery she had first experienced, after the murder of Feodor, and her separation from Demetrius, had been gradually exchanged for a state of tranquil apathy.

The effect of calamity varies according to the nature of the minds it visits. Some, feeling and acknowledging the futility of all earthly hopes, apply for consolation to that religion which alone can afford it. Others, strong in the imagined power of their own efforts, endeavour to brave the shock of misfortune, by rendering themselves callous to its influence, by arming themselves with that stoical indifference which looks alike upon the smiles, or frowns of fate. Others, incapable of resisting, bend beneath the stroke of calamity; without sufficient strength to contend

with the tempest, or offer any defence to its violence; they feebly sink beneath it, till all vigour of character, all fortitude of soul, is gradually and fatally extinguished.

Such was the state of the Czarina's mind, when the unexpected communication of Boris roused her from the torpor of despondency, without inspiring her with the vigour of hope.

The stillness of her cell, which had before accorded with the state of her feelings, was now rendered insupportable. She longed for tumult and for noise, for some external object which might dissipate the poignancy of her thoughts, or accord with their distraction. Suspence, that state so often and so justly deprecated, was experienced by her, without even the relief of anticipating its termination. The fate of Demetrius, the issue of the contest, might never penetrate her dreary prison, where silence, gloom and desolation reigned.

CHAP. VIII.

"Should we be taking leave
As long a time as we have yet to live,
The loathness to depart would grow—Adieu.

Cymbeline.

"What bell is this?"
It sends a solemn sound upon the breeze;
Now to a fearful superstitious mind,
In such a scene, 'twould like a death-knell come.
For me, it tells but of a welcome near,
And so I bid it welcome.

Baillie's De Montford.

WHILST the Czarina was enduring all the horrors of suspence, unsupported by sympathy, and uncheered by hope; the thoughts of Demetrius, even amidst the gaiety of the city, during the sweet converse of Marina, or amongst the tumult of military preparations, glanced forward to that period when he should behold his beloved and oft-remembered mother, when he should clasp her to his joyful heart; and restore her to freedom, to splendour, and to happiness.

Sanguine and enthusiastic, the bright sunshine of the Prince's feelings was scarcely shaded by a single cloud, except when the pensive eye of Marina reminded him of their approaching separation. The sympathy of feeling, which had formerly existed between Demetrius and the Princess, was no longer experienced. The unclouded brilliancy of his spirits, the ardour with which he hastened the preparations for his departure, the delight with which he anticipated the moment of its arrival, excited a degree of painful surprise in the mind of the Princess. Was ambition then so preponderating a feeling in his soul, that his affection for her was overpowered by its influence? She no longer seemed to possess the power of reading her lover's heart, of discovering that it was herself, that it was the hope of being enabled to claim and to obtain her forever that thus stimulated his ardour, and influenced his hopes.

He who is to brave the dangers of the combat, views them only as the means of

glory; his eye, fixed on the summit of the height he has to climb, heeds not the perils of the path which conduct to it; but she who in safety and at a distance beholds the steep ascent, dwells alone upon its dangers and its difficulties; while its height, crowned with glory and renown, is enveloped in darkness and obscurity. The moment of separation drew near. The nobles, who had promised their assistance to Demetrius, were assembled at Grodno, and awaited his arrival; the troops of the Palatine and Count Wiesnovitski were prepared. The great advantages which would occur from penetrating immediately into Russia, before the tyrant was prepared for resistance, induced the friends of Demetrius to hasten his departure from Cracow.

The day was appointed, the hour of separation was arrived. Demetrius, at the palace of Sendomir, endeavoured to soothe the apprehensions of the Princess.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "how vain are these attempts at consolation! if like me,

you lamented our separation, like me, you would feel their futility. Who shall assure me, even if success should crown your arm, that in the tumult of the camp, in the glory of the hero, in the splendour of the monarch, the remembrance of Marina will not be forgotten?"

"Forgotten!" reiterated Demetrius, and the whole expression of his countenance underwent a sudden change, "forgotten! can such a doubt exist? Can such a belief find place in the heart of one, to whom mine is devoted? Has the ardour with which I have engaged in forwarding my cause, have the hopes which I have expressed of its ultimate success, induced such an accusation? What has stimulated this ardour but my passion for Marina? What has been the object of these hopes but the possession of Marina? Oh, cruel and unjust suspicion! have *I* not rather reason to doubt the constancy of that heart which could for a moment indulge it?"

The expression of the Prince's countenance, the energy of his manner, convinced Marina of his unimpaired attachment. She blushed at the injustice she had committed, and anxious to repair it, extended her hand towards him.

"Forgive me, Demetrius," she said, "error is surely entitled to forgiveness from him who has occasioned it; for, believe me, had my heart been less interested in the preservation of your's, it had not so easily doubted its constancy.

A deep crimson tinted her cheeks as she made this avowal; the cloud passed away from the countenance of Demetrius." Explain it as you will," he said, taking the hand she had extended towards him, "I must and will believe you, but never, never again indulge a suspicion not less injurious to my honour than to your peace. Oh, Marina! could you but regard yourself as *I* regard you, you would feel that the possession of a throne, that the empire of the world could never shake my

constancy or banish you from my remembrance."

As he uttered this sentence, Marina started, and the paleness of death overspread her countenance.

"That is the summons for departure," she faintly said; "heard you not the call of the trumpets? Oh, yet a little while, and to what dreadful scenes will it not summon you!

Indulge not these useless alarms, my beloved!" replied Demetrius, "though dear, inexpressibly dear, is the conviction they betray of your regard; yet to see you suffer thus——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the Palatine and Count Wiesnovitski.

"The troops are assembled, and awaiting your arrival, Prince!" said the latter, but he suddenly paused and cast a glance

of apprehension upon Marina; her eyes were tearless; but her fixed gaze, her pale and quivering lips expressed her sufferings. Her fears seemed to have infused themselves into the breast of Demetrius. All the confidence he had expressed, all the hopes he had cherished, suddenly vanished before an unaccountable presentiment of evil. Love, by exalting the feelings above the even tenor nature has destined them to preserve, exposes them to the most sudden and unexpected vicissitudes. The heart, no longer under the regulation of reason, is as often unaccountably triumphant, as it is unreasonably depressed; like a vessel, deprived of its rudder, at the sport of the waves, alternately wafted forward by the gales of hope, torn by the tempest of doubt and jealousy, or engulphed by the billows of despair.

The buoyant and triumphant state of mind, so long preserved by Demetrius, suddenly yielded to dread and anxiety.

"I cannot, cannot, leave her!" he exclaimed, seating himself beside the Princess, and endeavouring to assure her by a promise of delay.

"Oh, no! no!" she said, attempting to recover her self-possession, while a blush of shame at the fears she had betrayed stole over her cheek; "no, Demetrius, I am not always the weak being you have now beheld me, the victim of imaginary doubts, or anticipated fears; my frame is feeble, and my feelings strong, but if I cannot always conquer, I can sometimes repress them." An air of composure and resignation spread itself over her person. Demetrius now appeared the most deeply affected. She raised her eyes to his countenance; the mixture of softness and anguish it expressed, again nearly overpowered her.

"Oh, go, go!" she said, "go! while I can yet submit to your departure; but Demetrius obeyed not the command.

The Palatine and Count now approached. "Prolong not an interview," said the latter, "which can alone be productive of pain." And he seized the arm of Demetrius to urge him from the spot.

The Prince tore himself from the contemplation of Marina, and advanced to the door of the apartment—as suddenly returned, and precipitating himself towards the Princess, strained her fervently to his breast; then, without uttering a word, quitted her, and rushing through the hall, vaulted on his courser, and placed himself at the head of his troops, before the Count could recover from the surprise occasioned by the velocity of his movements. When he joined Demetrius, he abstained from speaking on the subject of his separation from the Princess, but, by conversing on military topics, on the probable number of their forces when united, on the plans of the ensuing campaign, he insensibly diverted his thoughts from the subject they were too much disposed to revert to.

When Demetrius and the Count arrived at Grodno, they found the Polish nobles and their troops in a state of preparation; all eager to engage in a cause which so strongly interested their feelings, and excited their enthusiasm. Their confidence in the talents, as well as respect for the birth of Demetrius, induced them to resign to him the supreme command of the forces.

It was unanimously agreed that they should immediately commence their march towards Russia, as the frontiers were not in a state of defence; and, if they could penetrate into the country, they had every reason to apprehend that the Russians would flock to the standard of Demetrius.

A manifesto, relating the event of the Prince's escape, when an infant, from the machinations of Boris, entering into a brief account of his past life, the attack so lately made on him by the tyrant's emissaries, and concluded by calling upon

all loyal subjects to join their lawful sovereign, was distributed by Demetrius on his march through Lithuania. Count Galitzin, acquainted with the nature of the country, and the severity of the climate, strongly urged the necessity for securing some place of importance, before the approach of winter; the troops might then be enabled to repose from their fatigues during the inclement season, while the Russians would, in all probability, be continually augmenting the Princes forces.

His opinion determined Demetrius to march immediately towards Novogorod, and endeavour to take possession of that extensive and well fortified city. The army, in their route, passed through Wolina, within a few versts of St. Michael's convent. Demetrius had occasionally informed the prior of the various events which had occurred to him since his departure, and had received replies to these communications. They always breathed the tone of condolence, rather than of

congratulation, of compassion, rather than of sympathy; yet the consciousness of the inestimable benefit he had derived from his instructions, together with that habitual regard which is so generally felt between two individuals, from long continued intercourse, created an irresistible desire in the breast of Demetrius, to revisit that spot it had once been his most ardent wish forever to abandon.

The troops were to repose for one night at Wolina; and Demetrius judged, that by quitting them a few hours before they reached that place, and pursuing his way rapidly towards the convent, he might remain there during the night, and rejoin his troops before they commenced their route on the ensuing morning. This plan arranged, with his accustomed rapidity, he determined to carry it into execution, and, communicating his intention to his officers and friends, bade them adieu, and urged on his courser towards the monastery of St. Michael.

It was night before he reached the immense plain he had crossed on his first departure from the convent; he involuntarily checked his courser's speed, as he recalled to his memory the sublime feelings, the animated hopes, which had then elevated his soul, and directed his thoughts towards the God of nature. The scene was still the same; but how was its appearance changed from that when he had last beheld it!

The night was perfectly calm, but impenetrably dark; not the slightest sound broke through the stillness—not one of those numerous stars which had then adorned the heavens, now glimmered through the dense atmosphere, which encompassed the earth. This gloom, this silence, was oppressive. Demetrius seemed to breathe with pain and effort; he spurred on his steed, and directed his course towards the spot where he believed the monastery was situated; but the impenetrable mists, by which he was surrounded, prevented him from discovering

any object by which this circumstance might be ascertained; and he proceeded, for some time, across the plain, in dreary gloom and uninterrupted silence. Suddenly, the deep and well-remembered tones of the monastery bell reverberated through the air, and convinced him he was but a few paces from the place of his destination. He advanced in the direction from whence the sound had proceeded, and soon found himself before the portal of the convent. The light was visible through its grates; no sound was heard throughout its walls; the bell alone, tolling at equal intervals, interrupted the solemn and profound silence.

Demetrius, well versed in the customs of the cloister, was aware that this bell proclaimed the interment of one of the members; and concluding they were now assembled in the cemetery, determined to repair thither and remain till the funeral obsequies were performed, before he discovered himself to the prior. Attaching his horse to the portal, he proceeded to

carry his design into execution, and advanced to the cemetery, which was situated on the opposite side of the convent. It was surrounded by a high wall, but an iron-railed gateway admitted a view of what was passing within. Here Demetrius stationed himself, till the door of the convent was unclosed, and several monks, bearing a coffin, advanced into the centre of the gloomy spot, which was shaded by yews and cypresses, hanging their dark branches over the tombs. The torches, borne by the monks, who now arranged themselves around the pall-covered coffin, threw a faint light over the scene, and displayed their own pale and haggard countenances.

Demetrius recognized each well-known face, but gazed in vain for that of the prior; his eye involuntarily reverted to the coffin, and he shuddered at the idea which struck across his mind, as he anxiously awaited the conclusion of the ceremony.

The coffin was at length consigned to the tomb, and concealed from the view of

the spectators; when the principal monk, extending his hands over the grave, exclaimed in a loud voice, "The body of Father Stephen, once Count of Wiesnovitski, and late prior of this convent, is here consigned to his native dust; for his soul the requiems of this assembly are required."

Instantly the chants of the monks resounded through the cemetery; but Demetrius shocked and overwhelmed by this confirmation of his fears, no longer desirous of entering the convent, hastened from the spot, and remounting his horse, slowly and sadly quitted the spot.

The death of his early friend, and the gloomy scene he had so recently witnessed, seemed to fill the mind of Demetrius with prophetic dread, as well as present regret. In the moment of enthusiasm, his restoration to the throne of his ancestors had appeared to the Prince an easy achievement; but now, in stillness, in darkness, and in solitude, lately departed from

the contemplation of a scene, so calculated to damp the ardour of all earthly hope, he seemed for the first time to appreciate the extent and the difficulty of that enterprise he was about to undertake. With an army of four thousand men, to invade the largest empire in Europe! Was it not conducting them to destruction? Thus asked his doubting reason; but his courage and his genius still triumphantly replied in the negative.

The rising sun soon dispelled the vapours of night, and discovered to Demetrius a view of Wolina, where his troops were awaiting his arrival. On his entrance into the town, his pale countenance and altered manner excited the alarm of Count Wiesnovitski; briefly explaining their cause, after having reposed and refreshed himself, he quitted the town at the head of his troops, and proceeded on the destined route.

CHAP. IX.

"Behold these men! their sunned but thoughtful brows,
Their sinewy limbs; their broad and portly chests,
Lapp'd in their native vestments, rude but graceful!
Those be our hardy brothers of the north."

Baillie's Family Legend.

"The foes beneath
Look up aghast, with horrour shrink and die;
Whole legions crush'd beneath the dreadful heaps
Lie hid and lost, as never they had known
A name or being; while around them grew
A hill of ruin.——"

Glover's Leonidas.

It was in the month of August, in the year one thousand six hundred and four, that Demetrius re-entered that country, in which he had received existence,—that country, over which he was entitled to reign.

The frontiers presented no forces to oppose their progress; and, informed by Count Galitzin of the nature of the country they had to traverse, the troops rap-

idly advanced towards Novogorod. In the different districts through which they passed, Demetrius proclaimed his name and rank, calling upon his subjects to take up arms and follow the fortunes of their lawful sovereign. The rumours which had been circulated throughout several of the provinces, had already prepared the minds of the people for the arrival of Demetrius; and many, disgusted with the tyrannical conduct of Boris, flocked to his standard. Still, however, to the Prince's surprise, no army appeared to oppose his progress; and this circumstance, inducing him to apprehend some treacherous design on the part of his enemy, rendered him extremely vigilant over the conduct of the army. During the excursions of the foraging parties, precaution appeared peculiarly requisite, lest the inhabitants of the villages, at the distribution of their stores, should give notice to the enemy, and warn them to approach, during the unguarded state of the Polish troops. In every arrangement, Demetrius displayed a degree of caution

and foresight, which surprised all who were acquainted with the natural impetuosity of his character. A detachment of the army, having reached the village of Zary, (which had been foraged by Count Wiesnovitski on the preceding day, and by him declared capable of affording considerable supplies,) Demetrius stationed his hussars around the village, in order to give notice of an attack, if any should be attempted, marshalled his forces into different brigades, and proceeded to distribute the stores which the inhabitants had been commanded to produce.

The Prince had ordered his manifesto to be read, as usual, to the inhabitants, but it had not produced its accustomed effect; with sullen and silent indignation, they brought forth their stores into the grand square, which is generally situated in the centre of the Russian villages.

Demetrius addressed them with his wonted urbanity, lamented the necessity he was reduced to, of depriving them of

the fruits of their industry, but assured them, that, when seated on the throne of his ancestors, his earliest act would be that of repairing all the injuries he might have committed, in obtaining possession of it. Count Wiesnovitski, as Demetrius concluded this address, was struck with the malignant expression on the countenance of one of the peasants, which, the instant he fancied himself observed, was converted into that of servility; and he began officiously to assist in the delivery of the stores. The distribution being completed, Demetrius commanded his troops to arrange their ranks and evacuate the village.

They were preparing to obey the command, when the sound of martial instruments, accompanied by the discharge of musketry, arrested their movements. Demetrius instantly called upon his soldiers to defend themselves; they had scarcely time to abandon their forage, before a number of troops poured upon them in all directions. The pretended

peasants, who were Russian soldiers in disguise, instantly attacked the Poles with vigour. A small detachment, cut off from the main body of the army, and surrounded on all sides, seemed scarcely to possess a possibility of escape; they fought with a fury, inspired by desperation.

Demetrius defended himself with admirable resolution: his skill, his courage, his activity seemed to grow with the growing danger: the Poles shouted with exultation, as they at length beheld the Russians retreating towards the entrance of the village; they pursued them with rapidity. The Count, alarmed at beholding the blood streaming from the Prince, asked if he were wounded; "No, no!" he rapidly exclaimed, "it is the blood of these poltroons."

The Russians were soon scattered in every direction over the plain, and, seeing no hopes of safety but in the clemency of their conqueror, were preparing to throw down their arms, when a shout, long,

loud, and tremendous, broke through the air, and enchained the attention, both of the victors and the vanquished. All directed their regard to the spot from whence it proceeded, nor were they long detained in suspense. From a cloud of dust, which arose at the extremity of the plain, issued an immense cavalcade. With the fleetness of lightning they rushed forward to the spot, where Demetrius, with his troops, were scattered. Instantly concluding that he should have another and a more desperate enemy to encounter, he prepared for the combat, and called upon his forces to rally and arrange themselves for the battle. The Russians, on the contrary, recovering from their terror, collected into a body, and waited to behold the issue of the encounter.

Meantime, the horsemen rapidly approached; but when they reached the Polish forces, instead of attacking them with that fury for which they were prepared, they suddenly reined in their foaming steeds, and regarded the troops of

Demetrius with fixed and scrutinizing attention.

Demetrius and the Poles gazed on them in return, with surprise and admiration. Their towering helmets, their martial aspect, their couched lances, their glittering girdles, their graceful attitudes, gave them an air of dignity and splendour, while their high-bred horses, prancing under their sumptuous housings, and waving their flowing manes, seemed conscious of the warlike importance of their masters.

After the interval of a moment, in which each party seemed to receive mutual satisfaction from the contemplation of the other; one of the horsemen, who appeared to be their chief, advanced from amongst them; taking his helmet from his head, and waving it in the air, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "We the Cossacks of the Don, detesting the yoke of the tyrant Boris, recognize the title of the Czar Demetrius, and here solemnly swear

to devote ourselves to his service, and never to sheath the sabre, or throw aside the lance, till he shall reign over the empire of Russia."

He paused, and the Cossacks gave a shout of assent to his declaration. Demetrius instantly spurred his courser towards them, and riding along the extended line, into which they had formed, addressed them with equal dignity and grace, expressed his gratitude for their promises, his sense of their merits, and his reliance on their valour.

Flushed with his recent conquest, with his newly arrived aid, Demetrius now looked and moved the hero, his eye sparkling with the fire of genius and of courage, his cheek deep-tinted with the hue of triumph and of effort, his blood-stained garb, which spoke his prowess in the recent combat, the grace and spirit with which he managed his spirited steed, all were calculated to enchant the eyes, and inflame the souls of the military Cossacks.

"He is indeed the Czar," they enthusiastically exclaimed, "Long live the Czar Demetrius!"

The soul of Demetrius exulted with hope. For the first time he was greeted by the title of his ancestors; for the first time he felt himself a sovereign.

"Subjects!" he said, and at the sound of his voice, an instant silence pervaded their ranks, "subjects and countrymen, receive the thanks of one, who has, as yet, nothing else to bestow; but not long, oh, not long, will you thus behold him! fighting his way to that throne which a treacherous usurper occupies; not long will you thus behold him, indebted for assistance to a foreign nation, combating his own," and he glanced his eye from the Poles, who had gathered around him, to the Russians, who stood trembling at a distance. "No, brave and generous Cossacks! your proffered aid assures him of success; your proffered aid assures him that the grateful period will arrive, when

the Czar of Russia will be enabled to requite the benefits bestowed upon the exile Demetrius," and gracefully waving his arm from the Cossack lines to the Polish ranks, he seemed to implicate them both in his expressions of gratitude, in his promises of favour. A mingled shout arose from the admiring troops, who now confounding their ranks, regarded each other with friendship and esteem, united by the common sentiment of attachment and respect for the hero who commanded them. The Russians, who had witnessed this scene with emotions of shame, regret, and penitence, now approached, and throwing themselves at the feet of Demetrius, implored his forgiveness, and entreated to be admitted into his service. Demetrius accorded their pardon; and, hoping to avail himself of the intelligence he might collect from them, respecting the intentions of Boris, examined them strictly and separately on the subject. He learnt from their replies, not only that all the villages, through which it was supposed Demetrius would pass, were oc-

cupied by the Russian troops, but that an immense army was on its march to intercept him before he reached Novogorod, which some fugitives from his army had proclaimed was the place of his destination. Demetrius finding that all the Russians agreed in their accounts, determined to avail himself of the intelligence thus procured, and proceed immediately, by a different route from that he had at first purposed to pursue, towards the lake of Ilmen, within a few versts of Novogorod, and, in the bordering forest, through which the Russians would necessarily pass, surprise and attack the army on its march.

From the information of the Russians, the reports of the hussars, sent out to view, open, and prepare the roads, and chiefly from his own exertions, which never seemed to abate, except beneath the pressure of severe fatigue, he had now acquired a competent knowledge of the country he had to traverse, and had, in great measure, overcome the disadvan-

tage which always attends those troops, who, unacquainted with the nature of the country they are invading, have to contend with its native forces. The spirit of Demetrius appeared infused into the breast of every individual in his army; they traversed the most dangerous morasses; they ascended mountains; they crossed rivers, without appearing sensible of the danger they encountered; without repining at the fatigue they endured; while the sublime talents, displayed by Demetrius in conducting this perilous march, could only be equalled by the wonderful art, with which he attached the hearts of the soldiery. The Counts Galitzin and Wiesnovitski found the affection they had so long cherished for him increased by its union with respect and admiration. They saw and bowed before the omnipotence of that genius, which was equally displayed in his firm and active courage, in the quickness and decision of his military movements, in his piercing, rapid eye, which instantly caught faults or advantages, obstacles or

dangers of situation, of country, of every object as they passed. When Demetrius reached the forest of Ilmen, he learnt from a Russian fugitive, that the army was within a day's march of that spot, and that the commander was wholly unacquainted with the present movements of Demetrius.

The Prince on receiving this information, immediately determined to surprise the army on its approach. The nature of the country favoured this intention: on one side was situated the forest of Ilmen; on the other, a ridge of hills, leaving between an open space, through which the army would direct their march. By occupying the forest and the heights, and on the arrival of the army, rushing suddenly upon them, Demetrius flattered himself with obtaining a complete victory over an enemy, possessed of treble the number of forces with himself. Aware, however, that the advanced guard of the Russian army would, in all probability, precede

the main body, at the distance of some versts, to examine and clear the country, he felt the necessity of employing some stratagem, by which their attention might be engaged and their persons secured. He commanded the Polish hussars, conducted by Count Wiesnovitski, to present themselves in front of the advanced guard, as if with an intention of attacking them; but then, as if judging their force too strong to be engaged, gradually to retire, after a slight skirmish, before them, till they reached the spot where the ambuscade was stationed. The Prince's intention having received unanimous approbation, he proceeded to carry it into execution. The Russian infantry, under the command of Count Galitzin, was stationed on the heights, with some artillery, which however, they were enjoined not to employ, until a signal was given by Demetrius. The Cossacks, commanded by the Prince himself, took possession of the forest, while the Polish hussars rapidly departed to encounter the enemy.

A stillness, like that of death, now pervaded the scene. The well-trained horses of the Cossacks, so fiery, so spirited, in the hour of battle, were now motionless and submissive; their bent necks, their half closed eyes, declared their obedience to the will of their masters; while the Cossacks themselves, their dark brows contracted in thought, their lances couched, their eyes fixed upon the spot where the enemy was expected to appear, awaited immovably and silently the moment of their arrival.

At length the sound of cavalry in rapid flight was heard: they brandished their lances, and fixing themselves more firmly in their seats, prepared for the onset; their horses, elevating their heads, and waving their manes, appeared to feel in concert with their riders. The Russian cavalry, in full pursuit of the Polish hussars, now appeared. When they reached the place of ambuscade, Count Wiesnovitski, rallying his troops, fell upon those

he had before appeared to fly; and while they were resisting this unexpected attack, a thousand lances flashed before their eyes; a thousand voices called upon them to surrender, or to die. At once discovering the error they had committed, and that all resistance was ineffectual, overpowered by surprise and shame, the Russians threw down their arms, and obeyed Demetrius, who commanded them to enter the wood: but determined not to let the fate of the day depend upon the promises of silence and obedience, he compelled them to retire into the deepest recesses of the forest, and placed a small body of Cossacks as their guard.

Every thing was soon restored to its former order and silence: the hussars now joined the Cossacks in the wood, and more eagerly than before, awaited the arrival of the main army, on whose conquest, perhaps, the fate of the empire might depend. They had waited some hours: the day was on the decline; and

both the Cossacks and hussars felt impatient at this tedious interval, and apprehended that the army had received the intelligence of their designs, when their fears and their impatience were relieved by the sound of their approach. The Russian army was so wholly without apprehensions of an attack, (and, depending also upon the protection of the advanced guard,) that they proceeded without rank or order, singing camp songs, or conversing respecting an enemy, whom they were taught to hold in contempt. Their arms hung at their sides, and their baggages were swung across their shoulders. Thus wholly unprepared for resistance, their terror and surprise were extreme, when the sudden blast of the trumpet, the shout of war, and the rush of the cavalry, taught them the dangers they had to encounter. Their chiefs called upon them to defend themselves: they obeyed, and for some time fought with a valour worthy of a better cause than that they defended. At length they fled before the

sabres of the Poles and the Cossacks, and approached the hills with an intention of sheltering themselves amongst them. Demetrius waved his helmet in the air: this was the signal agreed on between Count Galitzin and himself; and instantly the cannon from the heights poured destruction upon the shrinking and astonished Russians. No longer attempting a resistance, which they perceived must be hopeless, they wholly abandoned their arms; and the cries of the fugitives, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, mingled with the roaring of the cannon. Demetrius, with a loud voice, which was heard from amidst the dreadful tumult which surrounded him, called upon the Russians to surrender, and promised pardon and protection, if they would renounce the cause of their tyrant. A joyful cry of assent was their only reply: and Demetrius, dispatching a messenger to Count Galitzin, commanded him to cease the play of the artillery, and advanced into the midst of the Russians, to assure them

of safety, and receive their submission. They crowded around him, and, throwing themselves on their knees, vowed allegiance to their lawful sovereign. The conquerors and the conquered now gathered round the hero, and looked up to him with a mixture of admiration and affection. Victory and mercy seemed to add new lustre to the countenance of Demetrius, more great, more happy in these moments, which were devoted to the duties of humanity, than when, at the peril of his life, he charged and routed the squadrons of the enemy. The Russians, who had composed the advanced guard, were now placed with their comrades, in the centre of the Prince's army, which continued its march, without encountering any further obstacle to oppose it, towards Novogorod. The report of the invader's successes had already spread terror and confusion through the city. The soldiers declaring that none but the true Czar, the son of Ivad Vassilievitch, could have performed such prodigies of valour, refused to combat against him, and compelled

their commanders to open the gates at his approach.

With strong and grateful emotions Demetrius made his first entrance into what had once been the chief city of the Russian empire, "the great Novogorod." The people, alarmed at his approach, secluded themselves in their respective habitations, and as he passed through the streets, their desolate appearance conveyed a painful feeling to his heart.

"Ah!" said he, turning to the chiefs, by whom he was accompanied, "do they dread the aspect of their monarch? they have yet to learn how painful to his heart are now the misfortunes, how dear will hereafter be the happiness of his subjects!"—The terror of the inhabitants gradually abated, and the affable address of Demetrius, his youthful and animated aspect, so different from that they had expected in the victorious invader, soon taught them to regard his presence, not as a source of alarm, but an assurance of safety.

The season of winter now commenced, that rigorous season which, even to those who are enured to its severity, is anticipated with dread, and endured with pain. The Poles, happy to find themselves in a situation where they were in some degree sheltered from its inclemency, and feeling convinced that Boris would not undertake any enterprise against them, during the few ensuing months, advised Demetrius to draw all his forces into the city, and await the return of spring before he made another campaign. This advice by no means accorded with the inclinations of Demetrius; but finding that it received the approbation both of his Russian and Cossack troops, he at length agreed to remain in this state of inaction, in case Boris should forbear from carrying any hostile design into execution. In the meantime the Russians, from all quarters, flocked to his standard; not only the populace, but the nobility favoured his pretensions; not only the distant provinces acknowledged him as their sovereign, but a conspiracy was formed even at Moscow for dethroning

Boris. The tyrant trembled on his throne; the insurrection was immediately quelled; the severest punishments were inflicted on the insurgents; the patriarch published a ban of excommunication against Demetrius and his adherents. Still the conviction acquired additional strength; still the belief spread from rank to rank, from province to province, that Demetrius was indeed the Czar of Russia, the son of Ivan Vassilievitch.

Demetrius and his friends began to indulge the hope that he might obtain possession of his kingdom, without again shedding the blood of his subjects. With all the triumph of ardent hope, with all the exultation of gratified ambition, Demetrius now addressed his beloved Marina. His account of his past successes was brief, but his detail of his future prospects was circumstantial.

"Tremble no more, my Marina," he said, "for my liberty, or my life. I speak not merely the language of hope,

but of certainty; surrounded by friends, rather than subjects, regarded with affection, as well as respect, believe me, I have nothing now to apprehend; each day takes from the forces of the tyrant; each day adds to mine. Oh, my beloved! how precious is this conviction! since it is united with a conviction yet more dear! How precious is the approach of that hour which will behold me seated on the throne of Russia; since it will lead to an hour yet more ardently anticipated!"

Count Wiesnovitski, whose presence was at this period required in Poland, believing that Demetrius was in perfect security, and would remain inactive for a considerable period, quitted Novogorod, and departed for Cracow. His arrival at that city, and the intelligence he conveyed, were a source of satisfaction to all; of joy to the Palatine of Sendomir; of pride, of rapture, to Marina. Yes, it was with pride that she dwelt on the exploits of her lover, with pride that she listened to all

the details communicated by the Count. When he depicted his courage in the hour of battle, she shuddered, as in imagination she saw him surrounded by danger; when he painted his success, his conquests, her eye brightened, and a smile of triumph beamed on her lips; when he dwelt upon his mercy, his humanity, the glance of pride was softened by the tear of tenderness. She saw him in every scene; she viewed him in every situation; great, gentle, humane, alike formed to inspire affection, to command respect, or to excite admiration.

CHAP. X.

"So saying, forth he issues and assumes
Before his band the station of command."

Glover's Leonidas.

"He unyielding still
Sustains the contest, while unnumbered darts
Are shiver'd on his buckler, and his feet
With glittering points bestrew."

Ibid.

DEMETRIUS had been established for some weeks in the city of Novogorod, when a rumour reached him that an army under the command of Prince Vassili was assembled at Moscow, and its destination supposed to be the investment of Novogorod. The inclemency of the season seemed to render the execution of such a scheme impracticable; and even in case it were attempted, the city was well furnished with stores and provisions, and in a state of such complete defence, as would enable it to make a long resistance.

The rumour, improbable as it appeared, was soon confirmed by the approach of the army. They soon completely invested the city; but as they appeared to have no intention of proceeding to active hostilities, and the Russians assured Demetrius that the severity of the season would soon oblige them to abandon the siege, he yielded to their advice of acting on the defensive alone.

To the surprise of the besieged, however, they soon found that Prince Vassili intended to commence active and decided operations. The snow, which in the commencement of the winter had fallen in vast quantities, had been succeeded by intense frost, and now presented a smooth and impenetrable surface to the tread, as well as to the gaze of man. On this surface the hardy soldiers erected their tents, and fortified them by entrenchments, made of the trunks of trees, which they conveyed in sledges from the neighbouring forest.

Prince Vassili was a general of extensive experience, of vast resource, and equally calculated for quick and desperate exploits, as for slow and persevering enterprise. His intention at present was not to attack the city, but to induce Demetrius to quit a station in which he possessed not merely the advantage of perfect security, but that of being constantly supplied by the resources of a populous and extensive province.

The affairs of Boris wore at present such an alarming aspect, that he was aware some decisive measures must be devised and pursued, in order to avert the stroke which threatened to hurl him from his throne. To attack Demetrius, and, if possible, by force or fraud, to obtain possession of his person, appeared absolutely essential to his own preservation. Prince Vassili, as deeply implicated in guilt as his master, as decided an enemy to the house of Ivan, and as apprehensive of the resentment of Demetrius, was an agent calculated to carry the schemes of

the tyrant into execution. His first object was to prevent Novogorod from receiving any supplies from the surrounding country; in this he succeeded. Yet even when the inhabitants became sensible of the privations they endured from this circumstance, they long submitted to them with patience, from the conviction they continued to experience and express that the Prince and his forces could not long remain exposed to the severity of a winter campaign. The season, however, was remarkably favourable to the designs of Prince Vassili. Since the fall of snow, the heavens had been uniformly serene and cloudless; the frost was severe, but each day brought with it no accession of cold, and the soldiers, well guarded by the precautions of Prince Vassili, and enured to hardships, patiently submitted to sufferings they believed it their duty to endure. The murmurs of discontent at length began to spread through the city. The voice of discord, the clamours of insurrection, at length reached Demetrius. His soul was fired

with indignation when he listened to their daring complaints; yet it was indignation tempered with pity, when he reflected on the sufferings which had occasioned them.

He summoned a council of war and thus addressed the Polish nobles, the Cossack chiefs, and the Russian commanders, as they thronged around him:

"Friends, countrymen, and fellow soldiers! you have heard the clamours of discontent, you have listened to the cries of distress which have proceeded from the inhabitants of this city. Shall we tamely endure, or shall we hasten to relieve them? Shall we languish away this inglorious campaign in feeble inaction? Shall we shrink from the combat, while the enemy triumphs in the dread he has inspired, and insults us with impunity? No! rather let us attack this formidable camp, let us force this triumphant general to acknowledge, that,

though our spirits may sometimes yield to the voice of prudence, they are not, they cannot be, subdued!"

Such was the language of the Prince, and so great was the ardour it inspired, that the council unanimously agreed in approving his suggestion of making an attack on the enemy's camp.

On the ensuing morning, some hours before day break, Demetrius, imagining the troops would be in a state of repose, and therefore more easily surprised, and less capable of making any resistance, quitted the city at the head of those troops destined to make the attack. A body of Russian infantry was commanded by Count Galitzin, a division of the Cossack forces by their Hetman Kosanka, while the Prince himself led on the Polish hussars. A band of straw was placed in the helmet of each warriour, that they might be recognised by their comrades during the combat. The night was perfectly clear, but intensely cold; the sky was be-

spangled with stars, and the snow, too firmly frozen to betray the track of man, presented one smooth, dazzling, and unvarying surface to the eye. The towering walls of the city lay behind, and the enemies' camp, forming a dark line in the distance, like a rocky coast viewed across a calm and glassy sea, before.

Demetrius, wishing to reconnoitre the camp before he commenced the attack, accompanied by two hussars, advanced before the troops, expressly commanding that the most perfect silence should be preserved throughout the ranks, and that the attack should not be commenced until a signal was given by himself. He departed at full speed, while the troops slowly followed his steps. As they drew nearer to the camp, they remarked that at some distance from the grand encampment, the cannon and artillery were inclosed within a particular spot, strongly fortified and surrounded by immense masses of rocks, interspersed with trunks of trees. The Cossack chief, more anxious

to display his zeal in the cause of Demetrius, than to obey his commands, and, imagining that if he could obtain possession of this post before the general attack, he should ensure its success, commanded his troops to advance, sword in hand, with an intention of forcing it. They obeyed; but were surprised at receiving an almost instantaneous discharge of artillery. The unexpected flash, the sudden roar, amidst the darkness and silence of the night, re-echoed by the walls of the town and the neighbouring hills, produced a tremendous effect. The Russians, roused from repose, flew to their arms and rushed furiously from the camp. Demetrius returned in haste to his troops, irritated and astonished at their disobedience of his commands; but perceiving that the only method of repairing this ill judged attack was to second it, he made a spirited charge at the head of the hussars. They were repulsed however by the Russians, commanded by Prince Vassili. The alarm became general; the Poles fled in disorder; Demetrius was left alone, at a short distance

from the enemy: in vain he called upon his troops not to abandon him; his word, his example, had no effect upon the fugitives. Finding his efforts ineffectual in this spot, he cut his way through the enemy's forces to the scene where the Cossacks were engaged. Here a new combat awaited him, even more terrible than the first. The Hetman, anxious to make every reparation in his power for the error he had committed, fought with despiration, and encouraged his troops to follow his example. Victory appeared inclined to decide in favour of Demetrius, when the presence of Prince Vassili with fresh forces, rendered the issue of the engagement uncertain. The whole Russian army was now drawn from the camp, and the return of day, shewing Demetrius the immense superiority of their numbers, convinced him of the destruction which must attend a continuation of the combat. The sight of his troops, — those few of them who yet remained in the field of battle, — constantly falling around, determined him, though with a pang of wounded

pride and deep humiliation, to draw his forces from the scene of warfare.

This was not effected without considerable difficulty, as they were closely pursued by the enemy till they came within shelter of the batteries of Novogorod. The forces of Prince Vassili then retired before the strokes of the cannon, and returned triumphantly to their camp; while Demetrius and his troops slowly and dejectedly entered the city.

If fortune at this moment favoured the enemy, it might greatly be attributed to the precipitation of Kosanka; and although Demetrius had supported his attack, it had not rendered him the less sensible of the imprudence which had made that support necessary. So long accustomed to success, Demetrius could ill submit to its humiliating reverse; and immediately on his return to Novogorod, without reverting to the possible consequences from this exercise of supreme authority, he despatched an officer to the

Cossack chief, ordering him to deliver up his sword, and resign his command. He then called a council of war, and was planning another attack upon the enemy, when his attention and that of the nobles were arrested by a sight which sensibly affected them.

The imprudent but gallant Kosanka (a deep wound which he had received across his brow, and from which the blood continued to flow, having rendered his sight indistinct,) advanced, supported by his son, a graceful youth, whose eyes were bent to the ground, and whose expressive countenance betrayed how deeply he participated in the feelings of his parent. The chief, with a trembling hand, presented his sword to Demetrius. That high sense of martial honour, so early instilled into the breast of the Cossack, now struggled in that of Kosanka with more tender emotions. After some pause, he thus addressed Demetrius:

"After the fatal message I have but now received from you, yourself and my

former comrades in the field of glory must feel astonished at the temerity which has induced me to intrude into your presence; but paternal affection has led me to do that, which no other earthly motive could have impelled me to. For this youth, a dear and only son, I come to implore your protection, to entreat that when seated on the throne of Russia, while afar off I languish in ignominy or oblivion, you will not permit the father's faults to stain the offspring's honour. This son, whom, in the pride and vain-glory of my heart, I hoped to train in the service of his Czar and his country, and who I trusted would inherit from his warlike forefathers a glorious and unsullied name, will now have no other inheritance than my dishonour, no other portion than —" He paused, overcome by the strong conflict of his feelings, while the Prince, who had turned aside to conceal his own emotions, advanced, and seizing his hand, rapidly exclaimed,

"No, no! my brave fellow soldier, he shall inherit from his gallant father

name, unstained with *any* reproach, a name which I trust he will deliver equally unblemished to his posterity. I restore you your sword; and console yourself with the reflection, that your only fault has been that of drawing it too hastily."

"Alas!" replied the chief, "I cannot receive *that* from your passion, which your justice has deprived me of."

"It was not justice," exclaimed the Prince, "it was the vehemence of youth, impatient of disappointment; of ungoverned passion, acting upon a haughty spirit, willing to attribute to any cause (rather than allow its own possibility of defeat,) the ill success of our enterprize. We have both erred, my friend, in great measure, from the same cause: let us forgive each other those errors incident to humanity, and, if you will not again receive a sword, which, I frankly confess, your conduct did not justify me in depriving you of; you will, perhaps, deign to accept mine in exchange." And he pre-

sented his sabre, yet dyed with the blood of his foes, to Kosanka.

A murmur of applause ran throughout the assembly. The Hetman threw himself at the Prince's feet, and avowed eternal gratitude to him who had restored him that honour which alone rendered life desirable.

"Wonderful Prince!" exclaimed Count Galitzin, who had remained a silent, but attentive observer of the preceding scene, "your genius has already commanded our respect, your courage excited our admiration; but this noble sincerity, this generous avowal of error, must ensure our esteem—our enthusiastic attachment."

"Is Count Galitzin then such a stranger to rectitude," replied the Prince, "that a simple act of justice is a subject of astonishment to him? But forbear, my friend, all comments on an action which rather requires your lenity than demands your approbation, and let us endeavour to re-

pair, by mature deliberation and future exertion, the unfortunate termination of this morning's enterprise."

Demetrius, convinced that the vigilance of Prince Vassili would for the future prevent the possibility of attacking his camp by surprise, determined to draw all his forces out of the city, and compel him to a general engagement. He was aware of the disadvantages to which he was exposed, by encountering an enemy surrounded by entrenchments, and defended by artillery, but the most powerful motives urged him to execute his intention. The Don Cossacks were become impatient of a confinement so adverse to their former habits. The Russians were anxious to behold Demetrius in possession of the Imperial city, the citizens to be relieved from their sufferings. All with one accord, desired to behold a termination to this tedious and inglorious blockade. The inclinations of Demetrius were in unison with those of

his soldiers; and the day was appointed which promised to decide his destiny.

No attempt was now made to surprise the enemy; no attempt was now made to conceal the number of their troops, or the nature of their movements; they marched beneath the blaze of noon, in the presence of thousands; they marched to the sound of the trumpet and the fife; they marched with the aspect of men, prepared for the work of death, armed with destruction, and nerved with terrour. The citizens of Novogorod, the infirm, the aged, the female and the child, (for these alone remained within its walls.) crowded on the ramparts of the city to view the coming combat.

The forces of Prince Vassili, prepared for the attack, silently and sternly awaited the arrival of their foes, who came, like the rushing wind, like the sweeping tempest, and poured, with a fury which threatened to overwhelm every obstacle

in its progress, upon that quarter of the camp which was commanded by himself. This attack, made by the Cossacks, led on by Demetrius, for a moment staggered the resolution of the enemy. The flash from their pistols, which thinned their ranks, and the smoke which obscured the assailants from their view, rendered the strokes with which they repelled them, aimless and indistinct. A second charge from the Cossacks, more terrible than the former, made them shrink from their post. Prince Vassili, instead of attempting to rally, withdrew his forces to a more sheltered part of the entrenchments. He knew the Cossacks would not without reluctance quit their horses to force the camp, and he hoped, before the infantry could arrive to be employed in that service, he should have diverted the attention of Demetrius by a scheme he instantly carried into execution. He sent a detachment from another part of the camp, which was yet open towards Novogorod, as if with an inten-

tion of surprising it. Demetrius perceiving this movement, commanded the Polish hussars to pursue the troops: they obeyed, and attacked them with considerable fury: victory for a time seemed to favour their efforts, but no longer animated by the presence of Demetrius, no longer supported by the firm courage of Count Wiesnovitski, the Polish sabre at length sunk beneath the Russian lance. The hussars retreated towards the city; the foe pursued; and, yet mingled in the sight, they rushed indiscriminately through the gates. The clash of their weapons, the trampling of their horses, resounded through the streets; the terrified inhabitants fled to their houses; the ramparts presented a scene of desolation, while the confused sounds, which issued from the interiour of the city, excited in the breasts of the hostile forces emotions of anxiety and alarm. At length the shout of victory arose. The Russian soldiers ascended the ramparts, and a thousand voices re-echoed through the air, "Victo-

ry to Boris and Prince Vassili! Defeat and death to the pretender Demetrius!"

For one moment a sudden chill, an ice-bolt through the heart, unnerved the arm of Demetrius, but the next inspired it with additional vigour. The cannon played incessantly on his infantry, which pressing more and more closely to the enemy's camp, was now entirely exposed to the balls which ploughed through their columns, and swept whole ranks before them. So many obstacles seemed to have subdued their active courage, although it had not impaired their passive resolution. They remained motionless before the enemies fire; their valour was far from yielding the victory, but their reason appeared to doubt the possibility of obtaining it; and this was not a period for reflection. Demetrius, throwing himself from his horse, placed himself at the head of the infantry, and encouraged them to proceed. For a moment every thing fled before the resistless violence of his at-

tack; and, availing himself of this transitory advantage, he forced his way, followed by his gallant troops, into the camp. The sabre of Demetrius dealt death around; the Russians, inspired by the example, poured destruction on the shrinking foes; they fled in every direction, and rushed tumultuously from their camp. Demetrius pursued, and far and wide the tide of war rolled over the snowy plain, now tracked with blood, and strewed with the mingled bodies of the dying, or the dead. Prince Vassili, at the head of his cavalry, now approached, to support his scattered troops. He rallied; he drew them on to the attack; he bore down with irresistible fury upon the forces of Demetrius, which, now scattered in small groups, gave way before the impetuous rush of the cavalry. The Cossack chief perceived the danger and advanced to their succour; but was himself attacked in his rear by another body of cavalry. The troops of Demetrius had assembled in obedience to his commands, and, though

surrounded on all sides, presented a firm and undaunted aspect to the enemy, who endeavoured to trample them beneath the iron hoofs of their coursers, or with their sabres aimed at them the stroke of death; their ranks gradually thinned, and a massacre rather than a combat ensued. Count Galitzin and Demetrius, side by side, fought with a fury inspired by desperation. As the cavalry bore down on them, they plunged their sabres in the foaming steeds, or with well directed aim raised them to their riders' breasts. Prince Vassili, perceiving from the fury with which the battle raged, the presence of Demetrius, hastened to the spot, and urging his courser towards him, aimed a stroke at his helmet; it was warded off by Count Galitzin's sword, who at the same moment received a wound in his side, which stretched him senseless on the plain. An exclamation of horrour burst from the lips of Demetrius; he wildly sprung towards Prince Vassili, to avenge the death of his friend. His rage ren-

dered him unguarded, and at the moment he plungsd his sword in the Prince's side, he received a blow from his sabre in return, which felled him to the ground, and he lay, deprived of sense or motion, on the body of his friend.

"Demetrius is no more, the pretender is slain!" exclaimed Prince Vassili; and the words were re-echoed around. His wretched troops, struck with despair at the idea that all the difficulties they had encountered, all the dangers they had braved, were rendered vain by the death of their commander, still rallied round his body, resolved to preserve it from the insulting foe. The Cossack chief, the moment that the dreadful cry of "Demetrius is slain!" reached him, rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded. He perceived the small body of infantry encompassed by foes. The voice of Demetrius no longer cheered his troops; the arm of Demetrius no longer struck terrour into his enemy. Kosanka, stung by grief

and indignation, calling upon his troops to follow his example, fell fiercely upon Prince Vassili's cavalry, and forced them to retire towards their camp; then availing himself of this moment's cessation of hostilities he raised the body of Demetrius from the ground, and placed it before him on his courser; at the same time commanding his son and the surrounding Cossacks to save themselves by flight; and, by separating their forces, endeavour to divide the attention, and distract the pursuit of the enemy: then sustaining his lifeless burden in his grasp, he departed, with a rapidity which mocked pursuit; from the scene of carnage. Some of the cavalry attempted to overtake him; but Prince Vassili, more anxious to annihilate those few of the forces which yet remained on the field of battle, than to obtain possession of the body of his fallen foe, renewed his attack on the infantry. Some few amongst this gallant band demanded quarter, but the remainder continued the combat with the

firmest resolution: Prince Vassili, however, alike unmindful of the regard due to those who implored, or the respect to those who despised, his clemency, continued to bring on fresh forces to the attack, till the work of death was completed; and the brave noble squadron, who but a few hours since had triumphed in the possession of health, of vigour, and of courage, presented alone a mangled mass to the eyes of the sanguinary and exulting enemy.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.